Tropicana

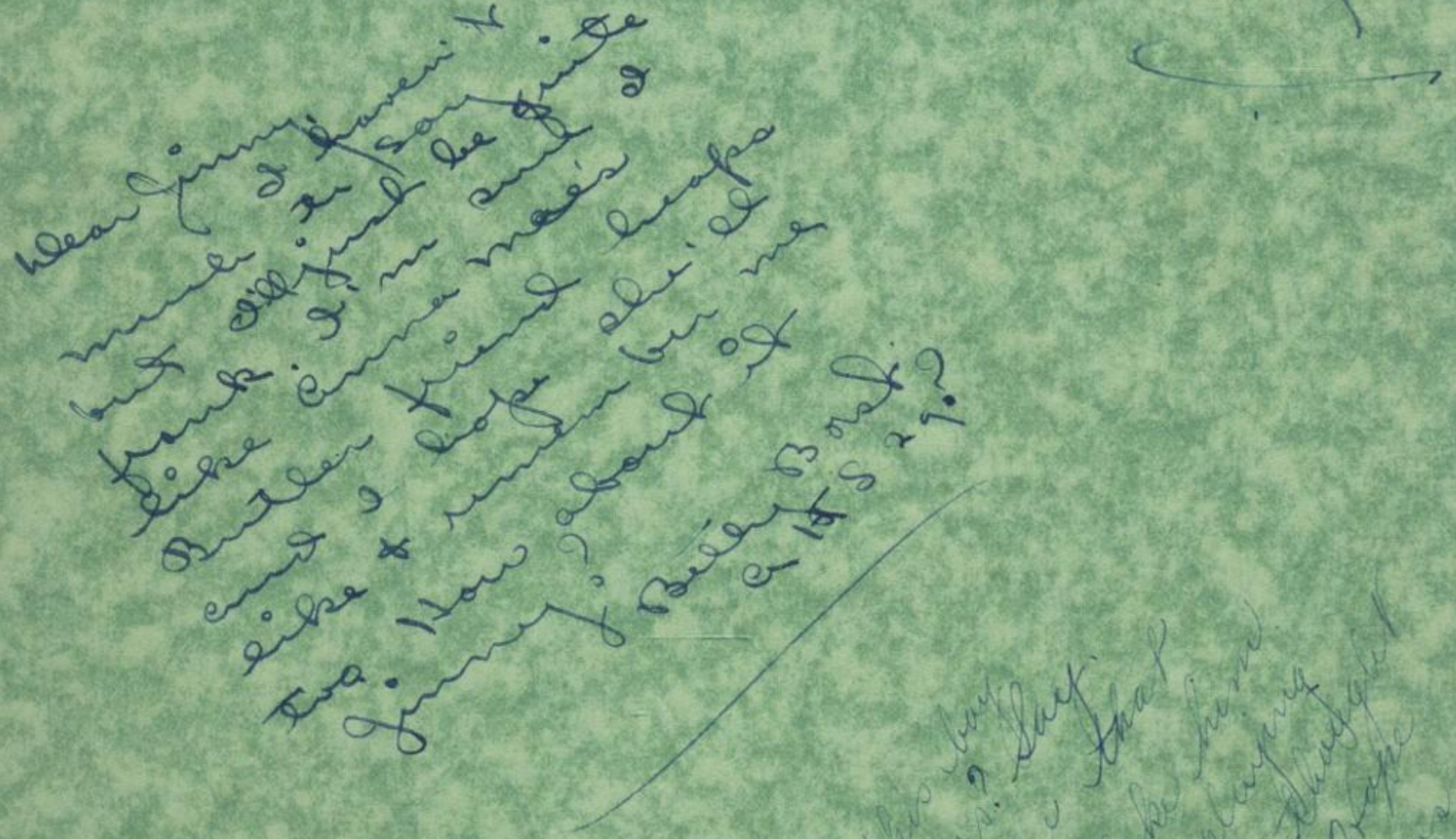
1927

Dearest Virginia,

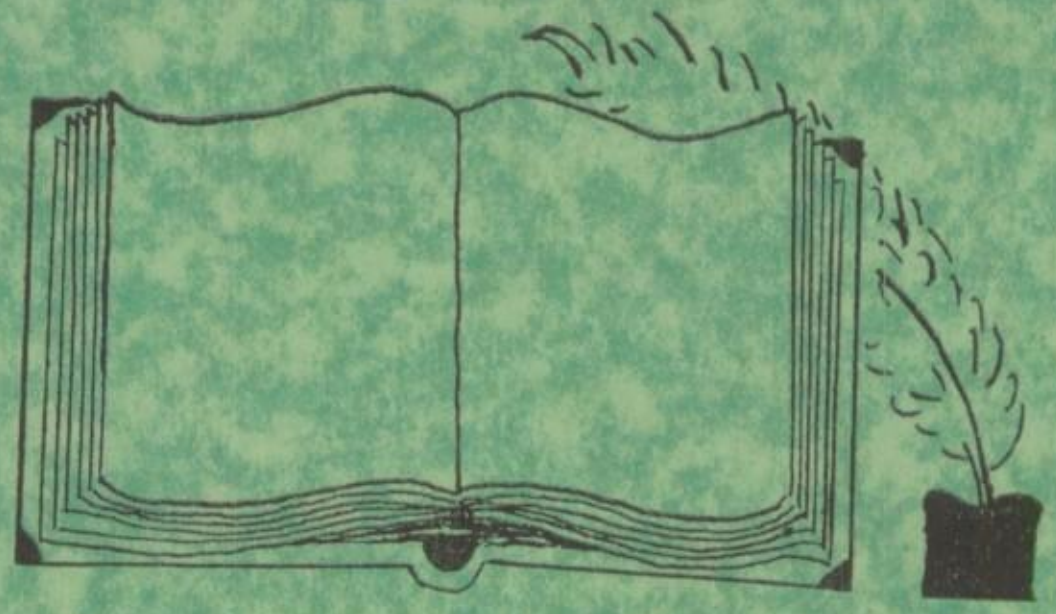
I'm writing this to my dearest old pal in the world. Please don't forget your once aged friend that moved to the city. Ahem! Lots of luck to you and ------ and do come to me with ------. Methe I'd better quit writing in this here book course my engraving would certainly spoil any annual.

Love--Love---Love---

Anna May



Virginia Brown '29



Ex Libris

N. Notis

Dearest Jim;

Since you came home from the South we have been the best of friends. May I express the desire to always remain as one? Best wishes to you for all your future from July 10 on ?!

Success is failure turned inside out
The silver lining of the cloud of doubt.

Always

Lucile

Dearest Jimmy.

Here I am, again pestering you.

Lets hope that we will always be good pals. Don't forget to write. You must always owe me a letter. Ha. Ha. Lots of good luck. If you can't be good — be careful.

Love and oodles of it.

Flick Jane.

To the J. B's.

J. B. Book.
Virginia Brown 1st J. B.
Susie Hamman 2nd J. B.

Virginia Brown

The Tropaeum

1927

Published by

THE CLASS OF 1927

Butler High School
Butler, Indiana

Editors-in-Chief

Florence Maggert

Frances Miller

* * *

Managers

Jerald Teutsch

Walter Fisher

Foreword

Our purpose for publishing this annual is to make it a memory book for the students of this school, both past and present. It is to bring back to them the memory of pleasant associations as well as the wealth of knowledge and experience gained in this school. Our success will be determined by the frequency with which these pages are turned.

Dedication

To youth, symbolic of happiness, who has and upholds the highest ideals of life, who sees beauty in every living thing, on whom depends the future of our country, we, the Senior class of Butler High School, 1927, dedicate this, our annual.

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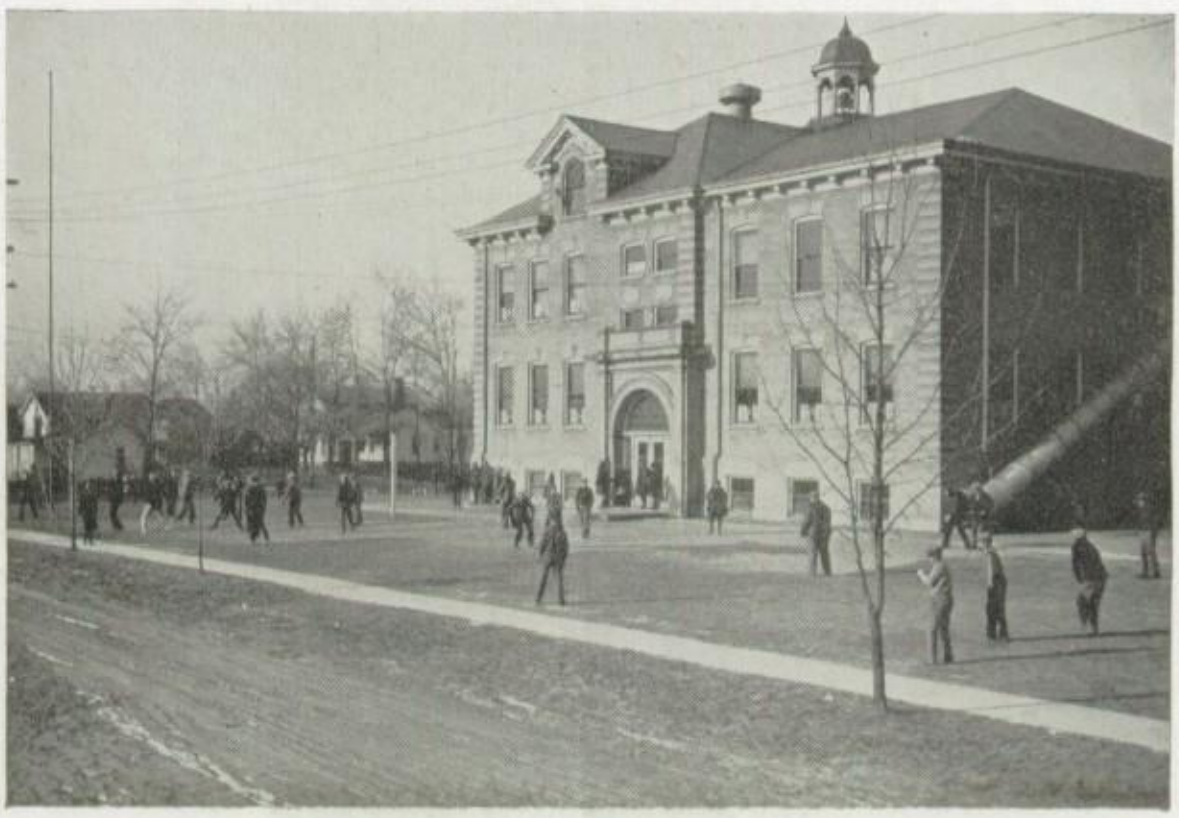
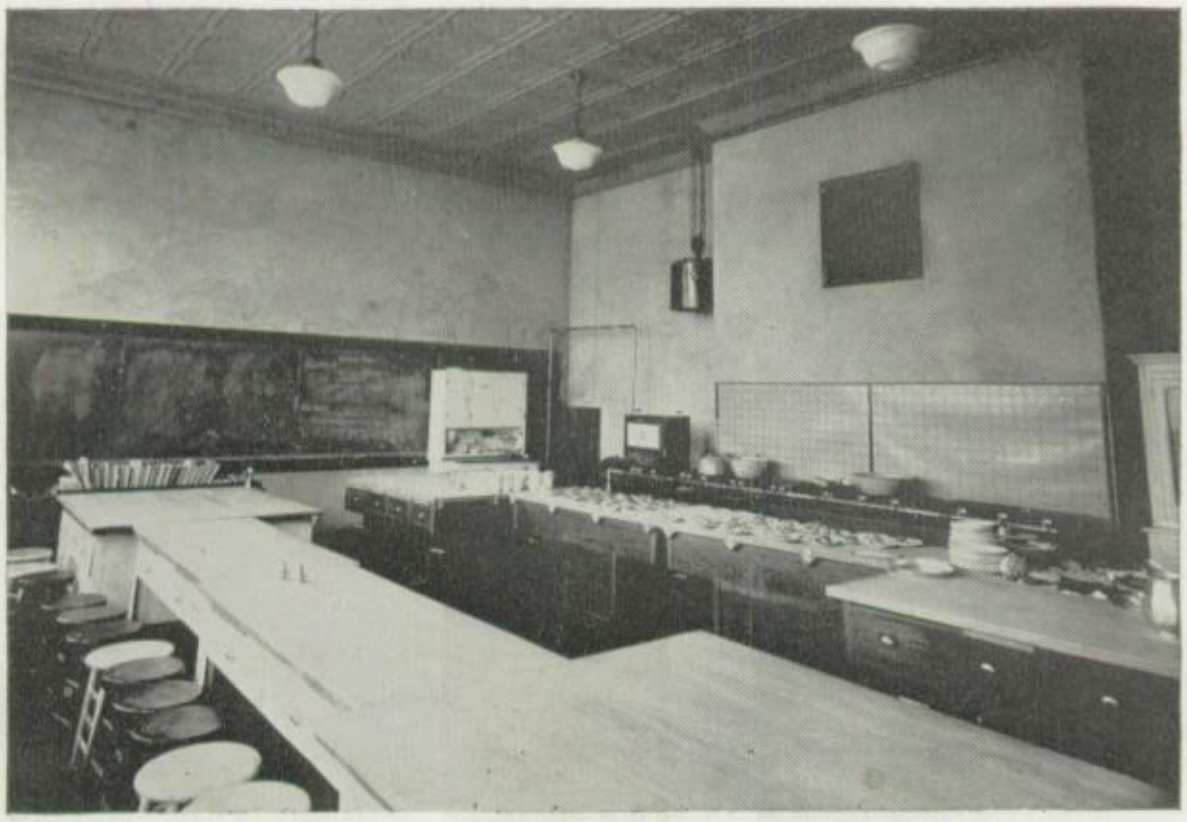


The entrance to our school—the pride of all Butler and her students.

Our Carnegie Library—the home of studious pupils who desire a little more knowledge than they are able to receive within the four walls of our school.

The Science Laboratory—a place of enjoyment and instruction where the scientists of tomorrow begin.



The Home Economics Laboratory—the room from which come the efficient, tactful, and helpful housewives of tomorrow.

N. N.

Administration

The School Board

MR. HUSSELMAN
President

MR. WATERMAN
Secretary

MR. WAFFLE
Treasurer

The Faculty

HARLEY Z. WOODEN, A. B. Superintendent
"Well, that's probably all so, but—"
Michigan State Normal University of Michigan

Mr. Wooden has been with our school for the last three years and has done much to improve it and its activities. As teacher of physics he has proven to be a dictionary of facts to his pupils and the Seniors who have received his training and all who know him regret that they will no longer be under his instruction.

RUSSEL V. GOODRICH, A. B. Principal
"That reminds me of a little story." "Let us spray."
Purdue University Harvard University
Tri-State College University of Chicago

Along with the entrance of the class of the class of 1927 into Butler High School came Mr. Goodrich, who has been our helpful friend and advisor throughout our four years in high school? As teacher of Mathematics and Chemistry he cannot be excelled. Two years after he entered our school he was promoted to the principalship. To him we owe the successful publication of this Tropaeum.

M. THELMA CLINE, A. B. Foreign Language and English
"Now let's see if we can't do better next time." + yes?
Butler College Franklin College

We have been fortunate enough to have Miss Cline with us again this year. We have found her to be a wonderful friend and teacher. She has taught Latin, English and Mathematics and we have found that she has a wide range of knowledge in each. We are sorry to see her leaving Butler this year.

EVA B. DOWNS, Music and Art
"Why sure you can do it."
Ohio Wesleyan University DePauw University

Music and Art are interesting and important subjects in a High School curriculum and Miss Downs has proved that she knows how to make them interesting as well as important. We give her credit for putting Butler on the map in the way of musical activities. We hear she is leaving us this year and we wonder why (?).

The Faculty

ROBERT C. MARKS, A. B. Social Science and Athletics
"—If you please—"
DePauw University
Chicago University

Mr. Marks came well recommended from DePauw this year and has lived up to his recommendations, having turned out excellent work in his classes as well as athletics. We are glad to hear he is returning next year.

NAOMI L. CHAPMAN, B. S. Home Economics
"Sure, I'll be glad to."
Purdue University

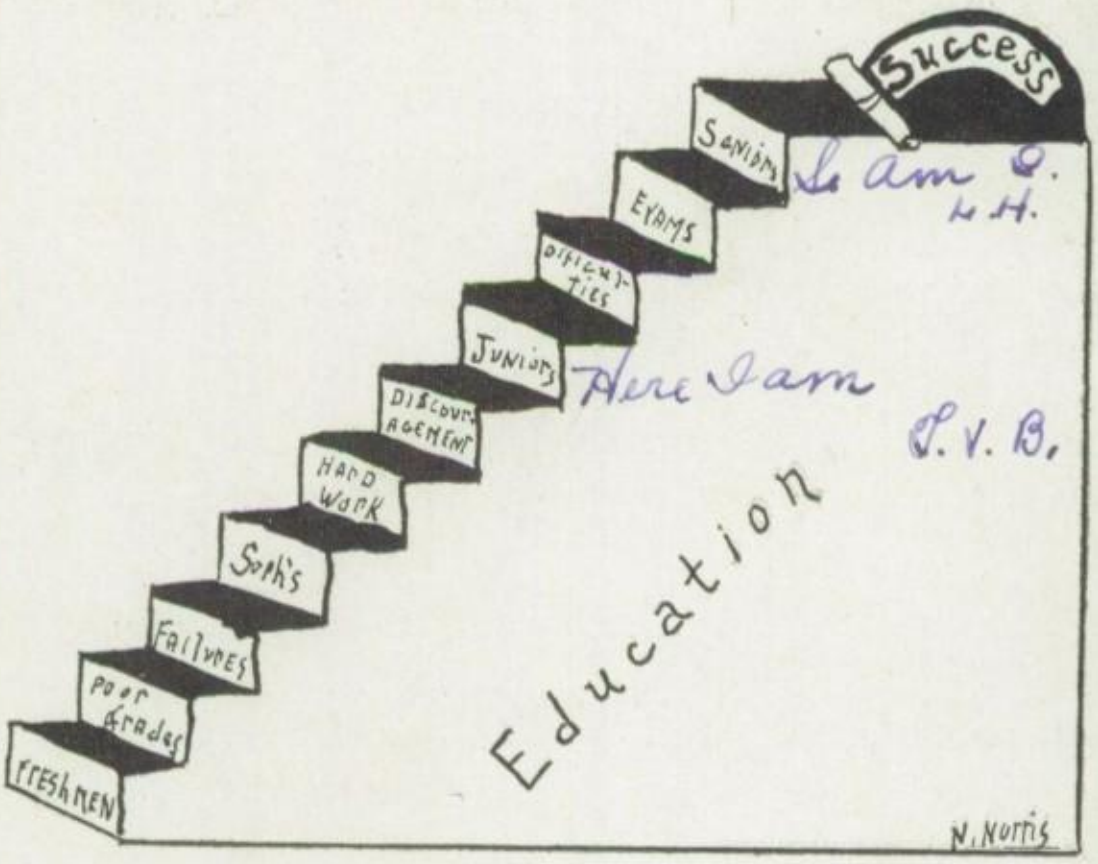
Miss Chapman has also been with us for the first time, but she has made the year one worth while in the Home Economics room. All those who ate in the cafeteria this year know that somebody knows how to cook. The sewing classes constructed and displayed many useful articles under Miss Chapman's direction.

V. RAYE GREATBATCH, A. B. English and Dramatics
"Well, I guess you will."
Butler College

Miss Greatbatch came from Butler to Butler and has made English work fill an important place in our school prgram. Her ability in directing dramatics was well illustrated in the Junior and Senior plays presented, this year. Good luck to you, Miss Greatbatch, in presenting the Senior Class Play of 1928.

CHARLES F. MOORE, B. S. in A. Agriculture.
"That's the time."
Purdue University

Mr. Moore is our local agriculture expert. His classes are very profitable and practical in their nature. His large class room is well decorated with up-to-date bulletins and pictures in the realm of agriculture and biology. If those who attend his classes just continue their good work, the farmers of the future will surely make names for themselves.


Success
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Juniors
Discouragement
Hard Work
Soph's
Failures
poor Grades
Freshmen
Education
N. Norris

Classes

The Seniors

JERALD TEUTSCH—"Teutsch"

"When it comes to tricks he has highest score,
His hobby is playing in English IV."

Class Pres. 4; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, Pres. 3; Business Manager Tropaeum 4; Business Manager Fortnite 3; Science Club 4; Senior Play 4; Laboratory Assistant 4; Demosthonian Literary Society; Country Boy's Conduct Club 1, 2, 3.

COLISTA DIEHL—"Collie"

"I'd spend my money, life and time,
To make up a book of words that rhyme."

whether it would be a good seller or not(?)

Class Secretary 1, 4; Latin Club 2; Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4, Vice-president 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 4; Senior Play 4; High School Play 1; Operetta 1, 3; Basket Ball 3; Girls' Athletic Editor Fortnite 3; Literary Editor Tropaeum 4; Music-Literary Contest 3, 4; Scholarship pin 2, 3; Antonian Literary Society, President 3, 4.

FRANCES MILLER—"Fritz"

"A disposition that's sweet and sound,
A girl who's a comfort to have around."

Class Vice-President 4; Class Treasurer 3; Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3, President 4; Senior Play 4; Editor-in-Chief Fortnite 3; Editor-in-Chief Tropaeum 4; Scholarship pin 2, 3; Glee Club 1; Operetta 1; Antonian Literary Society; Latin Club 1; Latin Contest 2.

OTIS KLINE—"Otie"

"So brilliant in mind, so tall in stature,
We're anxious to see what becomes of his factor."(?)

Entered from Waterloo in Junior year; Class Treasurer 4; Science Club 4, president 4; Hi-Y 4; Senior Play 4; Circulation Manager Tropaeum 4; Demothonian Literary Society.

NORMAN NORRIS—"Normie"

"You never can tell by the size of a man,
Just what he can do when asked if he can."

Hi-Y 3, 4, Secretary 4; Business Manager Athletic Association 4; Art Editor Tropaeum 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3; Basket Ball 3; Advertising Manager Senior Play 4; Antonian Literary Society.

HELEN BRYAN—"Sis"

"Helen is always full of life,
She'll probably be a Carpenter's wife."

Class Vice-President 1, 2; Latin Club 2; Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4, Secretary 4; Orchestra 3, 4; School Play 1; Operetta 1, 3; Carnival 2; Basket Ball 1, 2, 3, Captain 3; Literary Editor Fortnite 3; Snap shot editor Tropaeum 4; Yell Leader 4; Music-Literary contest 4; Scholarship pin 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Demosthonian Literary Society, President 4.

FLORENCE MAGGERT—"Flo"

"Clear out of the way, my condition is sad,
The work on this annual, is driving me mad."

Class Treasurer 1; Editor-in-Chief Fortnite 3; Editor-in-Chief Tropaeum 4; Music-Literary contest 4; Orchestra 3, 4; Scholarship pin 1, 2, 3; Senior Play 4; Latin Club 1, 2; Basket Ball 1, 2, 3; Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Carnival 2; Operetta 3; Antonian Literary Society, Secretary 2, 3; Latin Contest 2; Salutatorian.

RAYMOND SNYDER—"Skelly"

"Just leave that figure on the board,
Now don't you dare to move it,
Although you've tried most every way,
There's still another way to prove it."

Class Vice-President 3; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, Secretary 3; Science Club 4; Laboratory Assistant 4; Circulation Manager Fortnite 3; Circulation Manager Tropaeum 4; Senior Play 4; Antonian Literary Society; Country Boys' Conduct Club 1, 2, 3.

HAROLD SLENTZ—"Slentzie"

"Harold's hobby is basket ball,
He sure makes a real guard if he's not very tall."

Basket Ball 3, 4; Basket Ball Medal 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Hi-Y 3, 4; Demosthonian Literary Society; Country Boys' Conduct Club.

GAIL WYNCOOP—"Gale"

"Gail's main hobby is cooking,
She's modest and shy and good looking."

Demosthonian Literary Society.

MARY KANDEL—"Molly"

"So quiet and so reserved is she,
The kind of a girl you like to see."

Antonian Literary Society.

WALTER FISHER—"Fish"

"Fish is the clown of the Senior Class,
With his jokes and his pranks he makes us all laugh."

Class President 2, 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4. President 4; Senior Play 4; Basket Ball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Boys' Athletic Editor Fortnite 3; Business Manager Tropaeum 4; President Athletic Association 4; Scholarship pin 2, 3; Demosthonian Literary Society; Country Boys' Conduct Club 1, 2, 3; Valedictorian.

RALPH STULLER—"Stuller"

"Ralph would take a business course,
To stand against this old world's force."

Hi-Y 4; Latin Club 1; Science Club 4; Laboratory Assistant 4; Demosthonian Literary Society; Country Boys' Conduct Club 1, 2, 3.

HARRIETT FITCH—"Harriett"

"Harriett's hobby is dancing, clothes and a right gay time,
It makes no difference how blue the skies, but that some sun will shine."

Entered from Logansport in Sophomore year; Antonian Literary Society.

PAULINE HUBARTT—"Polly"

"Pauline has one failing,
Now guess if you can,
It's told in one word,
And it's spelled m-a-n."

Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Senior Play 4; Operetta 1; Alumni Editor Fortnite 3; Calendar Editor Tropaeum 4; Antonian Literary Society.

ANSON SMITH—"Tony"

"Tony with his famous grin, is sure an audience to win,
He's clever in his witty way, and has a new joke every day."

Hi-Y 4; Baseball 3, 4; Joke Editor Fortnite 3; Joke Editor Tropaeum 4; Antonian Literary Society.

LESTER SNYDER—"Les"

"Tall, light hair and a Chevrolet,
But something is wrong, for they simply won't stay."

Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Country Boy's Conduct Club 1, 2, 3; Antonian Literary Siciety.

GERTRUDE BORDNER—"Corma"

"Just give me time and I'll tell you someday,
Just what I mean and am trying to say."

Latin Club 1, 2; Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1; Orchestra 2, 3; Exchange Editor Fortnite 3; Snapshot Editor Tropaeum 4; Antonian Literary Society.

FERDA HAMPLE—"Ferd"

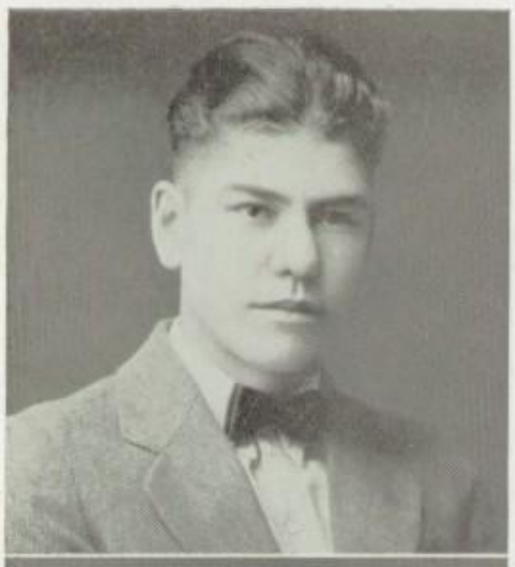
"Cursed be he that said, 'Work for your meat,'
But God bless the man that invented sleep."

Hi-Y 4; Business Manager Senior Play 4; Basket Ball 3; Tennis Association 1; Antonian Literary Society, Vice-President 3.

MARTIN LEASON—"Skinny"

"Martin would a teacher be,
He'll make a good one, wait and see."

Basket Ball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Demosthonian Literary Society; Country Boys' Conduct Club 1, 2, 3.



HERBERT TYSON—"Herb"

"We think Butler High has a real right to scold,
For Herb, their star center, is quitting them cold."

Hi-Y 2, 3, 4, Vice-President 2, 3, 4; Senior Play 4; Basket Ball 3, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Baseball Medal 3; Latin Club 1, 2; Circulation Manager Fortnite 3; Athletic Editor of Tropaeum 4; Antonian Literary Society; Athletic Association 4.

HELEN ALWOOD—"Helen"

"Helen's one plan to gain further knowledge,
Is to sign up right now with a good business college."

Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4; Demosthonian Literary Society.

HELEN WAGNER—"Peggy"

"O, Caesar was a friend of mine,
My Latin book claims all my time."

Blue Triangle 2, 3, 4, Treasurer 4; Scholarship pin 2; Latin Club 2; Latin Contest 1; Reporter Fortnite; Demosthonian Literary Siciety.

KENNETH HOLMAN—"Kennie"

"We all know Kenneth is quiet, we all know he is shy,
But what it is we'd like to know, is just the reason why."

Country Boys' Conduct Club 1, 2, 3; Antonian Literary Society.

ERNEST HIATT—"Unk"

"Old B. H. S. sure has reason to weep,
Here's another good man the team can't keep."

Class President 1; Hi-Y 2, 3, 4; Science Club 4; Operetta 3; Basket Ball 2, 3, 4; Base Ball 3, 4; Business Manager Fortnite 3; Alumni Editor Tropaeum 4; Antonian Literary Society.

DELBERT JENKS—"Jiggs"

"I envy no man that knows more than I,
But I pity the man that knows less, O my!"

Antonian Literary Society.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF SENIORS

Walter Fisher—"Is that you, Mr. Tyson?"
Herbert Tyson—"Yes, it is Master Fisher."
Ernest Hiatt—"Teacher, that wasn't me, it was Ferda."
Gertrude Bordner—"Why,—I'd like to ask another question."
Helen Bryan—"I didn't get to bed till 10 last night. Frank was down again."
Harold Slentz—"I know all about sports but not much about girls."
Jerald Teutsch—"I don't believe that's right."
Raymond Snyder—"Haw, Haw, Haw, that's good."
Anson Smith—"Do you want any more jokes?"
Pauline Hubartt—"By Cracky."
Florence Maggert—"The more I write the less I know."
Frances Miller—"Well, it doesn't make any difference to me."
Harriett Fitch—"I have a date." "Also use of the car"
Lester Snyder—'I don't know."
Ferda Hample—"She won't look at me." (Rooftop) (Never Sive Up.)
Norman Norris—"Golly! Yes!"
Delbert Jenks—"I have it, but I left it in the assembly."
Otis Kline—"I thought you meant something else."
Gail Wyncoop—"If I have to, I will."
Helen Wagner—"Begorra."
Martin Leason—"I wrote another poem."
Colista Diehl—"Gee Whizz!"
Helen Alwood—"Yes, that's right."
Kenneth Holman—"The book says—"
Mary Kandel—"I'm so tired."
Ralph Stuller—"I think I'm going to have to get to work."

Class History

We, the class of '27, realizing that experience is the best of teachers, and thinking that a record of our successes and failures might be enlightening to those who are to follow and enteresting to those who have preceeded, now submit this history. In doing this we feel no scruples in presenting our failures and have no vanity in relating our successes. We are not sorry for our false steps for they have led us to see the true ones. On the other hand we have pride in our progress.

As we, fifty-one "freshmen," meekly entered Butler High School on September 18, 1923, a special room was assigned to us; we knew not why, but found out later—we were special students. In our first class meeting Ernest Hiatt was chosen president, and to help him were Helen Bryan, vice-president; Colista Diehl, secretary; Florence Maggert, treasurer; Lyston Searfoss, sergeant at arms; and Miss McBrien, class director. Our insignia and motto chosen at that time have remained the same: the class flower being the American Beauty Rose, the colors Old Rose and Silver, and the motto, WE'LL FIND A WAY OR MAKE ONE.

On Hallowe'en we had our first class party. There was plenty of food, much fun, and happiness, things which set the precedent for all our socials that followed, and there were many.

We learned many things that first year among which were to realize our responsibility yet feel our inferiority and to post our Spearmint outside the school house door, for a new school building had been erected and it would never have done to violate the sanctity thereof.

Only thirty-six were left to take up the torch of learning for the next year, but these of us did so gladly. Our exploring was over, our greenness had worn off, and our self-assertion was no longer suppressed. Our officers were: Walter Fisher, president; Helen Bryan, vice-president; Grace Garl, secretary-treasurer; and Miss Dickinson, sponsor. Our main object this year was to save money and get ideas for the publishing of the school paper the next year. However, about all we accomplished was to struggle with Cæsar and have brainstorms over algebra. We conquered Cæsar and survived our fever, but spent too much money on ponies and pencils to have much left for the Fortnite. Our little experience of serving for the Juniors at their banquet was going to help us much the next year. We then packed our books home to think matters over for the three months to follow.

Again, we, once meek, once lively, stepped into the High School Building, but this time with a more confident yet less childish swagger. We were Juniors —happy, capable, worthy. Indeed others accused us of being favored by the teachers; perhaps we were, thanks to the teachers. Our former president, Walter Fisher, had proved faithful and competent so we re-elected him. Raymond Snyder was vice-president, and Frances Miller, secretary-treasurer. Miss Dickinson was our sponsor under whose able supervision we successfully, may we say, edited the Fortnite, and entertained the Seniors with a delightful banquet. Frances Miller and Florence Maggert were joint editors of this paper and were aided by thirteen willing and able staff managers.

This year we learned what business life really held for us, and are grateful to our school for offering so many opportunities. Basketball and baseball medals were given to Harold Slentz and Herbert Tyson, respectively, as a token of reward for the good work and sportsmanship shown throughout the year.

Otis Kline had entered our class in March, and thirty-two strong we left for vacation the third and last time.

In September, 1926, we entered Butler High School as a Senior Class. Under leaders Jerald Teutsch, president; Colista Diehl, secretary; Otis Kline, treasurer; and Mr. Goodrich, sponsor, we took up our work. Almost immediately, we began to sell tickets for a Lyceum Course. Systematically we canvassed the town, and soon enough tickets were sold to insure a good profit from the proceeds.

Without a doubt the most outstanding feature promoted by us during this year was the class play; but we owe to Miss Greatbatch and Mr. Goodrich, our coaches, the success which this unusual production of "Clarence" merited. From the proceeds of the lyceum and the play we are able to publish this annual, which, with our gratefulness, and sincerity, we leave to the patrons, alumni, faculty, and students of our dear Butler High School.

Auction Sale

The Senior class of B. H. S. held a public auction May 24, 1927, to dispose of their innumerable treasures which they had accumulated in their years at B. H. S.

Before the sale started the will was read in which the priceless possessions of the class were left to the successors. The following were the contents of the will:

To the faculty as a whole we will the everlasting love and respect of the senior class.

To Mr. Goodrich our heart felt thanks for his guidance during the past year.

To Mr. Wooden our appreciation for his advice and ever present willingness to help.

To Mr. Marks our civics folders, full to overflowing.

To Miss Cline a well behaved fourth period assembly.

To Mr. Moore best wishes for a happy married life.

To Miss Greatbatch a class who understands and appreciates "Emerson's Essays."

To Miss Downs the paint boxes of the art class

To Miss Chapman better help for lunchroom.

Mr. R. V. Goodrich was appointed sole executioner of this will.

At the Auction Sale new owners were found for the personal treasures of the various individuals of the senior class.

Article 1. Lester Snyder sold his new Chevrolet. The bids came thick and fast, and Miss Chapman was successful in getting the coveted article at the exhorbitant price of $1.98.

Article 2. Ernest Hiatt was forced to give up his much treasured and useful ability to "orate". This is now in the possession of Awilda Campbell.

Article 3. Florence Maggert donated to the sale one of her handsome engraved photographs. A recent visit showed it residing on the mantle of a home in the 300 block on Oak St.

Article 4. Jerald Teutsch donated his executive ability, and we are glad to note that next year's senior president (who ever he may be) is now its possessor.

Article 5. A knowledge of Latin is valued by everyone, so that the lower classmen were indeed fortunate to have Helen Wagner put hers on the market.

Article 6. Raymond Snyder felt that he had enough interest in science, particularly physics, to part with some of it. Velda, expecting to delve deeper in this field, purchased **this interest** for the sum of $100.

Article 7. "Tony" Smith, realizing that he had one cherished possession which might benefit his school day pals, donated his original humor. Arthur Campbell, by its aid, hopes to become the joke editor of the 1929 Tropaeum.

Article 8. A knowledge of home economics is invaluable to any girl, realizing this Erma Jennings was happy to purchase this knowledge of Mary Kandel for the price of $1,000.00.

Artificial 9. Student managers. How the Junior class needed one, and how elated they should be to think that Raymond Wise bought this position from one who has made this position an indispensable one, namely Norman Norris.

Article 10. Virginia Brown, upon hearing of the auction sale requested that Kenneth Holman donate his curly hair and that she be given a monoply on the bids. Since the senior class upon thinking the matter over decided to comply with this request, we expect to hear of Virginia's sudden beauty.

Article 11. Ferda Hample was proud to bequeath his paper of jokes to

Wava Robinson, who in turn donated these, with the statement that they were stale, to be sold again.

Article 12. A Lincoln Essay, was found among the debris in back of the school building. Walter Fisher finally laid claim to this, with the request that it be given to the most deserving member of the Junior class.

Article 13. During her four years' stay at Butler, Frances Miller had accumulated a certain amount of knowledge. Having no further use for this she offers it for sale. It was finally sold to Robert Gehring for the price of $99.99.

Article 14. Knowing that medals are articles of pride to any **man,** Harold Slentz placed his on the market. Ralph McCoullough is now wearing this as a chest protector in baseball practice.

Article 15. Catherine Oberlin sent in a request that some kind-hearted senior donate her knowledge of men to be sold. Colista Diehl replied to this request adding her sweet disposition, however having one equally as sweet Catherine passed Colista's on to the Sophomore class, retaining the "knowledge."

Article 16. For some time John Campbell has been in need of some quiet and sensible ways, so Ralph Stuller was finally induced to offer his for sale. The Junior class and Faculty took up a collection and purchased these ways for $500, then presented these to John, with a book of instructions.

Article 17. An indomitable spirit of optimism, accompanied by the famous "Tyson grin" offered by Herb is now in the possession of Leo.

Article 18. A "horn," a painted scarf, several reed baskets, with several other articles, the work of a certain curly haired senior, Helen Bryan, are now in the hands of Ragna Bryant.

Article 19, Gertrude Bordner was loathe to part with her valued musical ability, but realizing the necessity of some such talent in the school, Gertrude donated this to Miss Downs to use as she saw fit.

Article 20. Harriett Fitch, after due consideration decided her most valuable possession was her plentiful supply of clothes. Virginia Stone has added these to her already abundant supply. The total amount received for these was 29 cents.

Article 21. Twinklin' brown eyes, a win 'em smile, curly hair and brains were the contributions of Otis Kline to the auction. The eyes went to Donna Higley. The smile, oh,—just see Randall Staley smile, and the brains to Loren Spake

Article 22. Roberta White has often been heard to express a desire for black hair. Helen Alwood very generously donated hers to the sale but due to certain unmentionable reasons Roberta did not buy this.

Article 23. No class is complete without its poet so the class of '28 has requested (upon the advice of Miss Greatbatch) that Martin Leason put his poetical talent on the market. Ruth Noragon is now using this talent to the greatest advantage.

Article 24. Write a calendar! Why I can't. Hearing just such statements coming from some martyred member of the senior class of '28. Pauline Hubartt left this ability in the hands of Mr. Wooden to be distributed as he saw fit.

Article 25. Delbert gave his assembley seat across from Clarence to Elmer Beebe. It is more nearly the correct size than the one which Elmer occupies at present.

Article 26. Since this was the most successful sale ever conducted by a Senior Class, both in regards to amount received and satisfaction given, Gail Wynkoop gave her ability to conduct this type of sale to Robert King.

Lastly, we leave, as a class, to the classes to follow, our best wishes for everlasting success.

—GAIL WYNKOOP.

THE BUTLER BOOSTER

VOL. XXXVII. Butler, Indiana, May 27, 1937. Price 6 cents

Wedding At Last Solemnized

Butler, 1937.—One of the most beautiful summer weddings of the winter was celebrated this evening at 9 A. M.

Miss Colista Leona Diehl one of the several daughters of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Diehl, was united in marriage to Norman A. Norris, of Chicago. Mr. Norris is a noted artist and cartoonist, employed by the College Humor Magazine and a member of the Eta Bitta Pi.

Action In House of Congress

Wash., D. C.—1937. An Act of Congress, providing that labor organizations not conducted for profit was not to be considered illegal and members are not restrained in carrying out legitimate objects of the organization, was passed today through the influence of Mr. Ferda Hample.

Mr. Hample received his training in speaking in the 7th hour public speaking class in B. H. S.

Evangelistic Services Attract Great Attention

Butler, 1937.—Public services are being conducted at the U. B. Church by the noted Evangelist, Mrs. Howard Funk. She is being assisted by her husband as choir leader and soloist.

China Under Stressed Circumstances

Tokio, China, 1937.—Reports have been received from Rev. Lester Snyder, missionary to China, that unless food and clothing are sent immediately there, thousands will perish.

Mr. Snyder has done very good work as a missionary and is expected home as soon as situations are a little better in China. He will resume his position as minister of the U. B. church at Boston, Mass.

Noted Aviator Makes First Trip Across Atlantic in Two Days

N. Y., N. Y.—Who says the world is not progressing in transportation? Perhaps one of the most daring feats was performed by Mr. Ray Snyder, of Butler, Indiana, last week.

At different intervals word was sent back concerning the progress of the planes. All the Butler folks were anxious to hear how Ray was progressing.

Many planes were forced to abandon the trip and turned back.

At last word was sent back that Mr. Snyder had arrived in France, uninjured.

Ray has made a record no one has surpassed and his name will be recorded in the History as the inventor of the marvelous plane that resisted all storms.

Great Scientist Appears at Butler

Butler, 1937.—Mr. J. E. Teutsch of Atlanta, Ga., gave an interesting demonstration at the State Auditorium, Tuesday evening.

"Facts concerning the new earths have been written," said Mr. Teutsch, "that are amazing. I have just made the discovery recently and have had it recognized by the Science Bureau, that these planets are similar to the earth we live on."

There are people living on these planets, who are savages. Many other interesting facts can be told concerning these planets.

Contract Has Been Signed

Chicago, 1937.—Mr. E. E. Hiatt is proving the benefit of his school training in his success in his Civil Engineering.

After graduating from the Class of '27, from Butler, Indiana, he immediately commenced his studies in Civil Engineering and today has signed a contract to build the largest bridge in the U. S.

Historical Research

Mr. Delbert Jenks has become famous for his great history entitled, "Facts Concerning the Government Since 1925."

THE BUTLER BOOSTER

H. G. Bryan ..... Editor

Price, per year $2.50

Entered as First Class mail in Butler Postoffice.

Closing Out

Butler, 1937.—Mr. Anson Smith is closing out his present stock of groceries on Tuesday, June 20, 1937.

Everything is to be sold at half price. Mr. Smith would like to have all his goods sold by 8 o'clock Tuesday evening. He will go to the city of Ft. Wayne and there start a chain of Smith Grocery Stores.

POET'S CORNER

The Tragedy

Martin Leason

He brushed his elbow off his arm,
His brain, in vain he racked;
His head held by a single chord;
His feet, the size did lack.

The muscles of his brain did twitch,
His knees, did doff their caps;
And every time at him they looked,
He'd feign another lapse.

They called the doctor for a council,
They made suggestions long and bold;
But when they got around to act,
They found him lying stiff and cold.

Farmers' Convention Meets

Chicago, 1937.—The annual farmers' convention met at Chicago, Wednesday. Many interesting talks and demonstrations were given, but perhaps the best were given by Messrs. Holman and Stuller of near Butler, Indiana, and the Misses Wyncoop and Kandel of near Arctic.

Mr. Holman gave a talk entitled, ''Masterpieces Among Seeds.'' The seeds were his own discovery and have proven to be a great success. Mr. Stuller also contributed a new method for sowing grains, which re described in full and has been patented.

In the Home Economics field, Miss Wyncoop and Kandel made two interesting demonstrations. The first was cold packing raw meat and vegetables and the second was ''by the easiest way and less time bake your own bread.''

Disturbance of Peace

Butler.—The police answered a riot call at the corner of Main and Broadway about 8:00 o'clock last night.

The cause of the riot evidently was a queer looking character, who was disturbing the peace of the community by giving speeches from a soap-box.

He, Otis Kline, claimed to have a new kind of hair tonic, which would grow curly hair over night.

Mr. Kline used his own hair as an example.

New System of School Planned

Auburn, 1937.—The first teachers institute met at Auburn, September 2, to plan and revise some of the school systems and selections of subjects during a students Hi school year.

Perhaps the best system suggested and which will be followed is that of the Misses Miller and Wagner of Spencerville, Indiana.

The plan is a joint one and is as follows: All colleges require a certain number of subjects before entering. Let the county superintendent have these subjects required in the different years and provide that a student cannot take an under subject below the grade he is in. This will save confusion on the part of the teachers and all the principals of the school. The plan is to go into effect this year.

Orphan's Home Enlarged

Ft. Wayne, 1937.—Due to many more homeless youngsters, Miss Helen Alwood presented a writ to the City Council, that she wished the Orphan's Home enlarged. The Council reports that the request shall be granted.

Reunion of Class of '27

On June 20, 1940, the class of '27 held their annual reunion at Lake James.

All were present with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, who were touring in the west.

Theatrical News

Chicago, 1937.—The outstanding theatrical success of the current year is now playing at the State Theatre, in Chicago.

At every matinee and evening performance the theatre is occupied to its full capacity.

The leading male part is played by Mr. Herbert Tyson. He has spent the last three years in foreign study.

Another interesting feature of this same theatre is the classical dancing between acts.

Miss Fitch has been in training for four years under the best teacher in Paris and is touring with the same company as Mr. Tyson.

"The Moonlight Sonota Solo" by Miss Harriett Fitch is perhaps the best dancing.

The crowd was also held in awe by the wonderful music of the orchestra. Their feature was Gertrude Bordner, as the celloist.

Book Review

"In My Gondola," a modern novel just released from press, has proved a great success. But who is the author? Oh! now I remember—a good old classmate of '27—Walter Fisher.

Athletics

Yey, Flo! Yey, Maggert! Yey, Yey, Flo Maggert.

Yey, Harold! Yey, Slentz! Yey, Yey, Haro'd Slentz.

These yells attracted the attention of the people of Butler, as they hurried forth to see what the commotion was all about.

Miss Maggert and Mr. Slentz have arrived home to spend the Spring vacation. They are both teaching at the North Dakota School, North Dakota and have the privilege of coaching the athletic teams.

It was later reported that the teams had defeated Auburn, Indiana, 100-0.

Three cheers for the coaches and the teams!

A Get-a-Part!

Meet at Butler Stadium

June 32, 1918 Class of 1927

The graduating class of 1927 of B. H. S. will have their per annual get-a-part, Tuesday, June 32, at 13 o'clock, at the Butler Stadium. The Alumnium President, Mr. Free Hamp, hindered by a committee of Miss Hellyne Tackhammer, Mr. Noit Norris and Mr. Donothing Jenks are in command of the arrangements.

Senior Class Poem

Sunshine, rain and melting snow,
Flying clouds and winds that blow,
Everything in nature rings,
Every bird in tree top sings,
Comes the Spring.

See the sparrow flitting by,
Here and there the robins fly,
Creeks break from their wintery spells,
Everything with gladness swells,
Comes the Spring.

What's this upon the ground I see?
Why, 'tis sap from the maple tree,
What's this above my head I hear?
Why, 'tis a bird sings sweet and clear,
Comes the Spring.

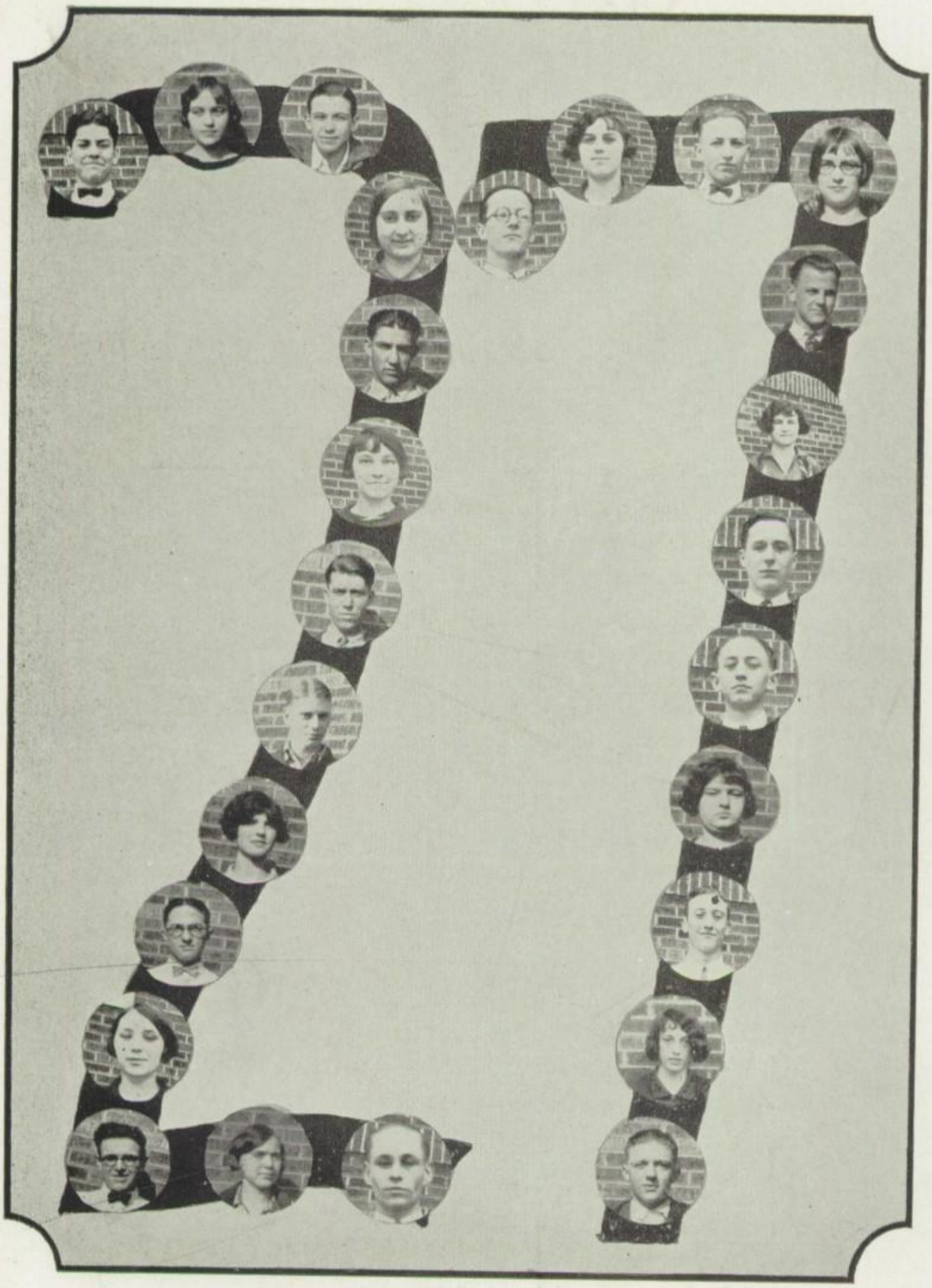
Rain at day and wind at night,
Winter takes its wings in flight,
No one cares to have it stay,
All the world is glad to say,
Comes the Spring.

Thus we too take wings in flight,
Soon to vanish from your sight,
We, like winter have to leave,
So those behind us can receive,
The coming Spring.

Each year a new group must come in,
New hopes, new life, new joys begin,
We couldn't stay and all this mar,
For, don't you see, the Freshmen are,
The coming Spring.

Old B. H. S. a lasting friend,
To all of us you sure have been,
But take that friendship, e'er we leave it,
And save it for the next that need it,
The coming Spring.

—Colista Diehl.



JUNIOR CLASS

Bottom Row—(Left to Right)—Urcyl Dever, Bessie Mae Snyder, Ruth Noragon, Virginia Stone, Waneta Casebere, Golda Loomis, Donald Blaker.

Second Row—Romaine Campbell, Wanda McClellan, Marcelle Smith, Lucille Hamman, Donna Higley, Velda Huntington, Vara Fifer, Gertrude Rosenberry.

Third Row—Loren Spake, Paul Kissinger, John Campbell, Drayton Loomis, Carver Newcombe, Paul Oberlin, Roy Bumgartner, Robert Cather.

Fourth Row—Harold Milliman, Robert Poffenberger, John Haverstock, Robert Hablawetz, Frank Parker, Robert King, Harold Ash, Raymond Wise, Russel Grogg.

Junior Class History

In the fall of 1924, a group of eager students, numbering 57, started on the road to knowledge and success. We began to take an active part at once, but being little "Freshies" we were timid and gained but little recognition. We had several enjoyable parties among which was a Hallowe'en party that gained much popularity because of the simple lesson that four of our classmates learned. (?)

We started our second year with a somewhat smaller enrollment, but we took our places and prceeded with more faith and steadfastness. Carver Newcombe and Roy Bumgardner were added to our list during the year.

Several of our fellow classmates partook in the operetta, "In the Garden of the Shah," presented with much satisfaction. Donna Higley and Marcelle Smith were members of the double quartette which took first place in the county in the Music and Literary Contest.

We enjoyed a Hallowe'en party at the home of John Haverstock and a picnic at Hamilton Lake the last day of school. The main feature was a skating party following the "eats."

Last fall we came back to school for a prosperous year, finding that still more had dropped along the wayside. Frank Parker and Harold Ash joined us for a part in the crusade for knowledge. We were again represented in the quartette for the Music and Literary contest and Carver Newcombe gave a very good oration, winning first place in the first contest, but losing in the second.

Paul Oberlin and Frank Parker were two of the basketball stars on the team, Paul Oberlin being captain of the varsity squad.

The class presented a Junior Play entitled "Safety First," April 8th, which was accepted by the Butler citizens as a great success.

We are closing this year with a record for the Junior Class of '27, and are hoping that every student will come back next fall to finish their high school career.

—M. M. S. '28.

CLASS OFFICERS

President - - -	John Campbell
Vice President - -	Robert King
Secretary - - -	Donna Higley

Class Flower

Red Rose

Class Colors

Purple and Gold

Class Motto:

B-natural, B-sharp, but never B-flat.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Bottom Row—(Left to Right)—Helen Carr, Awilda Campbell.

Second Row—Roberta White, Ruth Culbertson, Mowitza Hood, Virginia Brown, Vera Snyder, Irene Bryant, Ialene Teutsch.

Third Row—Fern Robbins, Catherine Oberlin, Helen Hanna, Miles Oberlin, Robert Lowe, Mildred Leason, Aletha Mavis, Wava Robinson.

Fourth Row—Edna Moore, Leland Diehl, Bernard Sturgis, Edson Fee, Raymond Alwood, Randall Staley, Allan Miller, Erma Jennings.

Fifth Row—Ralph McCullough, Raymond Casebere, Keith Beebe, Carl Shaffer, Arthur Campbell, Nelson Dever, Delmar Shumaker.

Sophomore Class History

Sailing the Sophy Seas

In a sturdy, though diminutive craft, manned by forty-two green sailors, the class of '29 embarked for a four years' journey on the rough sees of B. H. S. Captain Helen Renner and Pilot Sturgis guided the ship past the first sand bars into mid-ocean. The newly recruited sailors, after a few weeks, became accustomed to the dignified ways of their elders.

Then the storms began! Waves of Latin, Biology, English, Arithmetic, Home Economics, and Farm Shop threatened to engulf the little skiff. As time went on, some of the men deserted. Those who remained, however, were rewarded by easier times and several merry-makings. Of course, it being the first year for sailing, the little ship was scarcely recognized by its fellows. Father Neptune did not forget so easily; he gave fair weather and many happy remembrances.

The second year, with thirty-six tried sailors and a few new ones, the boat set sail; this time with more confidence. Captain Naomi Chapman and Pilot Oberlin were in charge. Pleasant breezes guided, then, through a favorable year.

Though sometimes the same foods, work, and amusements, over and over again, become irksome, I truly believe we are well started on a straight true course through life, and can prove it in the next two years, Eh, mates?

—H. M. H. '29.

CLASS OFFICERS

President - -	Catherine Oberlin
Vice President - -	Mowitza Hood
Secretary - - -	Helen Hanna

Class Colors—Maize and Blue

Class Flower—Sweet Pea

Class Motto: "Rowing not Drifting."

FRESHMAN CLASS

Bottom Row—(Left to Right)—Ragna Bryant, Phyllis Graf, Dorothy Wagner.

Seconnd Row—Rosa Shrader, Helen Turner, Doris Kester, Vivian Kline, Gertrude Johnson, Phyllis Derthick, Enid Boyd.

Third Row—Mable Casebere, Gilbert Keller, Drayton Smart, Albert Telschow, James Alwood, Harold Hodge, Donald Keefer, Albert Brown, Helen Cook.

Fourth Row—Inez Dohner, Blaine Rex, Elmer Beebe, Leo Tyson, Robert Bevington, Leroy Johnson, Lloyd Ash, Don Hammon.

Fifth Row—Lewis Smith, Earl Ginder, Carl Krontz, John Doan, Aaron Holman, Bernard Stuller, Harold Dean, Robert Hollinger, Robert Gehring, Berniece Stuller, Buren Ulm.

Freshman Class History

On September 7, 1926, thirty-eight Freshmen entered high school. Within the first week several more members entered, making our number forty-one.

The first week was spent chiefly in getting acquainted with the rules and habits of High School. We found it a very hard and embarrassing task. But gradually we started to get into the swing of things and it became easier.

In a few days we received an invitation (written in green ink to signify our standing), to attend the Freshman Frolic. We were somewhat suspicious of the invitation, but when the designated evening came nearly all of the Freshmen were present. It was a frolic indeed! We spent a most enjoyable evening playing games, and singing. Later in the evening dainty refreshments were served to us.

A few days later a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected: Blaine Rex, president; Donald Keefer, vice-president; Vivian Kline, secretary-treasurer; and Doris Kester, historian.

On October 30, a Hallowe'en Masquerade was held in the Gymnasium. Prizes were given for the prettiest and ugliest costumes, also to the one unknown. The evening was spent in playing games. Refreshments in keeping with Hallowe'en were served. A most enjoyable evening was spent by all.

In the future we hope to lose our name of "Freshy" and gain not only a new one, but more knowledge which we are all striving for, and may we succeed.

—Doris Kester '30.

Class Flower
Pink Carnation

Class Colors
Blue and Buff

Class Motto:
"Climb, though the rocks be rugged."

Looking Back

These past pages are a short history of the four classes of our school. Through cooperation with each other they have made this year one to be long remembered. The Seniors, who are now starting on the long road of knocks and hard work, have done all that they were able to make their school bigger and better. Whether they have accomplished this or not is for others to decide.

The class of '28 will soon be taking up the reins of responsibility as Seniors and leaders. They have distinguished themselves in scholastic as well as athletic fields. Among their athletes are Oberlin, Parker, Ash and Loomis. Carver Newcombe has made a name for himself in the oratorical meets and there is talent among the girls in the musical line.

The Sophomores have contributed a share to putting their school on the map. From the class of '29 we were represented in the discussion by Bernard Sturgis and Bernard and Allan Miller have distinguished themselves as Latin students. They offer Beebe, Campbell and Shumaker as athletic stars for the 1927-'28 season. Music and literary talent is prevalent among the Sophomore girls.

The Freshmen have not yet had an opportunity to show to a great extent what talent they may have, but they claim such athletes as Keefer, Hodge and Krontz and our famous yell leader, Blaine Rex, is a member of this class. Robert Gehring and Doris Kester bid fair to gain recognition as talented pianists in future contests.

Activities

Bottom Row—Florence Maggert, Colista Diehl, Pauline Hubartt, Helen Bryan, Gertrude Bordner, Frances Miller.

Second Row—Norman Norris, Ernest Hiatt, Raymond Snyder, Herbert Tyson, Anson Smith, Otis Kline, Jerald Teutsch, Walter Fisher.

Tropaeum Staff

Each year The Tropaeum has surpassed the one published the year before and we hope ours will be no exception to the rule. At first this goal seemed almost an impossibility, but when the staff set to work to accomplish their ambition they were determined to make good. Each one on the staff responded faithfully whenever called upon to contribute his part and as a result of their faithful endeavors we are presenting to you this record of the year 1927, hoping that it will be accepted with the same spirit in which it was created.

We, the staff, wish to thank all who contributed to our annual and helped to make it what it is.

THE STAFF

Editors-in-Chief
Frances Miller - Florence Maggert

Business Managers
Walter Fisher - Jerald Teutsch

Circulation Managers
Raymond Snyder - Otis Kline

Literary Editor—Colista Diehl
Athletic Editor—Herbert Tyson
Art Editor—Norman Norris
Alumni Editor—Ernest Hiatt
Calendar Editor—Pauline Hubartt
Joke Editor—Anson Smith

Snap Shot Editors—Helen Bryan, Gertrude Bordner

Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Ralph Stuller, Arthur Campbell, Otis Kline, Romaine Campbell, Randall Staley.
Second Row—Paul Oberlin, John Haverstock, Ruth Noragon, Catherine Oberlin, Helen Hanna, Virginia Stone, Ernest Hiatt.
Third Row—Allan Miller, Edson Fee, Paul Kissinger, Harold Ash, Bernard Sturgis, Raymond Wise.
Fourth Row—Robert King, Miles Oberlin, Robert Lowe, Raymond Snyder, John Campbell, Jerald Teutsch.

Science Club

The Science Club was organized February 17, 1927, under the co-supervision of Mr. R. V. Goodrich and Mr. H. Z. Wooden. At the organization meeting the officers were elected as follows: Otis E. Kline, President; Harold Ash, Vice-President; Ruth Noragon, Secretary; Virginia Stone, Treasurer; and Paul Oberlin, Sargeant-at-arms.

The purpose of the Club is to bring together the eligible students of the High School who are interested in learning and applying scientific ideas. Progressiveness is the keynote of the club, and a general diffusion of knowledge pretaining to science its endeavor. Besides this purpose, however, the club is—indirectly—introducing a spirit of friendship among the members by means of initiations, and at this writing, a party is being planned which will bring the members closer together socially. The club meets every three weeks. At these meetings interesting programs have been held, in which current events, pertaining to science, and special programs are given.

All freshmen are excluded. Upper classmen are eligible if they have taken, for at least one year, a subject related to science. The highest spirit and enthusiasm have been shown so far by the people of this club. Under the leadership of Mr. Goodrich and Mr. Wooden, the club could be naught else but successful. It was through the efforts of this club that the people of our city had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Williams, the electrical wizard, perform his experiments.

O. E. K.

Bottom Row—Romaine Campbell, Walter Fisher, Ernest Hiatt, Harold Slentz, Norman Norris.

Second Row—Ferda Hample, Frank Parker, Ralph Stuller, Robert King, Robert Cather, Jerald Teutsch.

Third Row—Raymond Snyder, Drayton Loomis, Otis Kline, Anson Smith, Lester Snyder, Herbert Tyson.

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y club of Butler High school was first organized under the direction if Professor Forney in 1923. Since then the club has made creditable progress in the promotion of its ideals. The club creates, maintains, and extends throughout the community, high standards of Christian living.

The club has promoted banquets and inspirational talks throughout the year for the benefit of the High School boys. The Father and Son Banquet was among the best, to which 58 were present.

Our club was represented by five at the Older Boys Conference at Logansport, and by ten at the Echo Conference at Kendallville. Many good thoughts were brought back to the club. The banquet that followed the Kendallville conference was honored by the presence of Mr. Snell, our state Hi-Y worker. He gave us a very fine talk on World Brotherhood. Also at this banquet Frank Parker and Harold Ash outlined some of the things the club shall do in 1927-'28.

The club the past year started out with 12 members, which was increased to 28. This will leave about 15 members for the club to start with next year. The club is much indebted to Mr. Marks for the effort he put forth to make it a success.

The officers for the year were: President, Walter Fisher; Vice-President, Herbert Tyson; Sec. and Treas., Norman Norris.

The Hi-Y members of '27 wish all the success possible to the club in the future.

—Secretary '27.

Bottom Row—Roberta White, Pauline Hubartt, Mable Casebere.

Second Row—Virginia Brown, Virginia Stone, Ruth Noragon, Mowitza Hood, Marcelle Smith, Helen Wagner, Awilda Campbell.

Third Row—Colista Diehl, Florence Maggert, Helen Bryan, Catherine Oberlin, Helen Hanna, Aletha Mavis, Frances Miller, Fern Robbins.

Fourth Row—Wava Robinson, Vera Snyder, Gertrude Johnson, Helen Alwood, Ruth Culbertson, Waneta Casebere, Phyllis Graf, Berniece Stuller, Gertrude Bordner.

Blue Triangle Club

Soon after school work of the year 1926-27 had begun, the Girl Reserves assembled for their first meeting.

Miss Chapman acted as our sponsor and the officers for the year were elected as follows:

President -	Frances Miller	Secretary -	Helen Bryan
Secretary -	Colista Diehl	Treasurer -	Helen Wagner

New members were taken in from the different classes this year.

The Girl Reserves gave a Mother and Daughter Banquet this year which proved to be a great success and was enjoyed immensely by all present.

Our Slogan—To face life squarely.

Our Purpose—To find and give the best.

Our Code—As a Girl Reserve I will be:

G racious in manner
I mpartial in Judgment
R eady in service
L oyal to friends

R eaching toward the best
E arnest in purpose
S eeing the beautiful
E ager for knowledge
R everent to God
V ictorious over self
E ver dependable
S incere at all times.

We're here — We're there — We're everywhere. H. B. '27.

Bottom Row—Colista Diehl, Florence Maggert, Eva Downs (Director), Donna Higley, Helen Bryan.

Second Row—Golda Loomis, Marcelle Smith, Edna Moore, Mildred Leason, Ruth Culbertson, Roberta White.

Glee Club

The Glee Club was greatly handicapped this year due to the fact that the number enrolled was small. Nevertheless, under the direction of Miss Downs, they contributed to numercus entertainments and were represented in the double quartet by Helen Bryan, Golda Loomis, Mildred Leason, Marcelle Smith, Donna Higley, Ruth Culbertson, Colista Diehl and Florence Maggert.

Miss Down's choice of selections has offered a great variety of material for the club to choose from when called upon to sing and they appreciate the interest she has taken. Her work has not been in vain for some of the graduates are taking up music as a profession and two of this year's Seniors have that as their ambition.

Bottom Row—Wava Robinson, Bernard Sturgis.

Second Row—Allan Miller, Randall Staley, Florence Maggert, Eva Downs (Director), Donna Higley, Clarence Zentz.

Third Row—Paul Kissinger, Marcelle Smith, Helen Bryan, Colista Diehl, Harold Ash, Lucile Hamman.

Orchestra

The Orchestra, another important musical organization of the High School, has gained recognition this year as a supplement to other programs. Their selections were well chosen and rendered, according to compliments received from various listeners from the audiences who have heard them.

A high school orchestra has a great influence over its members since it brings them into contact with what is best in musical lines.

Although four of the members will be lost by graduation there is no doubt that there will be new ones to take their places and it is hoped they may have a successful orchestra next year.

W. Fisher, F. Maggert, H. Tyson, R. Snyder, J. Teutsch, O. Kline, C. Diehl, H. Bryan, F. Miller, P. Hubartt.

Clarence

An excellent play, a well coached and selected cast, beautiful furnishings and becoming clothes all contributed to the success of the Senior Play, "Clarence," written by Booth Tarkington.

The play is the story of a returned unemployed soldier, Clarence, who is very retiring and exceedingly unassuming and by his reticence becomes the object of much interest and curiosity, particularly of one young lady, Cora Wheeler. Cora is the daughter of the business man by whom Clarence is finally employed because "he can drive mules without swearing." Mrs. Wheeler, the "neglected" second wife of Mr. Wheeler becomes interested in the young private, who, it later developes, can play the saxaphone "divinely."

Bobby, the young son, expelled from several colleges, for gambling, in love with Miss Violet Pinney, Cora's governess, is threatened by Della, the housemaid, whom he has kissed. She does tell Clarence, "who's been in the army and all that."

Matters are finally straightened out by the discovery that Clarence is a renowned entomologist, waiting to receive the affirmation of his reappointment in the Sturtevant Biological Laboratories as Doctor of Science before asking Violet to be his wife.

CHARACTERS

Clarence ..... Otis Kline
Violet Pinney ..... Florence Maggert
Mr. Wheeler ..... Jerald Teutsch
Mrs. Wheeler ..... Helen Bryan
Cora ..... Colista Diehl
Bobby ..... Walter Fisher
Della ..... Frances Miller
Dinwiddie (the butler) Herbert Tyson
Hubert Stemm (the widower with whom Cora is infatuated), Raymond Snyder
Mrs. Martyn (Mr. Wheeler's Secretary) ..... Pauline Hubartt

Directors: Mr. Goodrich and Miss Raye Greatbatch
Business Mgrs.: Norman Norris, Ferda Hample, Anson Smith.

Gertrude Rosenberry, Harold Ash, Paul Oberlin, Donna Higley, Robert King, Marcelle Smith, Frank Parker, Virginia Stone, Velda Huntington, Urcyl Dever.

Safety First

"Safety-First," a three-act farce comedy, was presented by members of the Junior Class to a well pleased audience.

The story is of the trials and tribulations of a young husband and his friend, the fiance of his sister-in-law. Jack, the husband and Jerry, his friend are arrested while trying to rescue a Turkish maiden. They are sentenced to thirty days in jail and in order to explain their absence to Jack's wife, Mable, and her sister, Virginia, Jerry's fiance, they invent the story that they are going to Florida to a convention of Shriners. Everything is all right until the message is received that the ship on which they sailed is lost at sea and nothing has been heard of Jack and Jerry who are supposedly drowned.

Jack and Jerry return safely from their thirty days in jail, only to learn that they are supposed to have been drowned.

CHARACTERS

Jack ..... Paul Oberlin
Jerry ..... Frank Parker
Mabel ..... Donna Higley
Virginia ..... Virginia Stone
Mrs. Barrington-Bridger (Mother of the two girls) ..... Velda Huntington
Zuleika ..... Gertrude Rosenberry
Elmer Flannel (Jack's cousin, in love with Zuleika) ..... Robert King
Abou Ben Mocha (father of Zuleika) ..... Urcyl Dever
Mr. McNutt (the detective) ..... Harold Ash
Mary Ann O'Finnerty (the Irish cook) ..... Marcelle Smith

Directed by Vivian Raye Greatbatch

Managers: John Campbell, Lucile Hamman, Romaine Campbell, Ruth Noragon, Robert Poffenberger.

Bottom Row (Left to Right)—Doris Kester, Bernard Sturgis, Helen Hanna.

Second Row—Ruth Culbertson, Colista Diehl, Helen Bryan, Donna Higley, Florence Maggert, Mildred Leason, Marcelle Smith, Golda Loomis.

Music---Literary Contest

In the music and literary fields Butler is justly proud of her success.

On March 11th a local contest was held in the gymnasium for the purpose of deciding who should represent Butler in the District meet. Mowitza Hood was chosen to represent the school in the reading, Bernard Sturgis in the discussion, Carver Newcombe in the oration, Doris Kester at the piano, and the double quartette was composed of Colista Diehl, Florence Maggert, Helen Bryan, Marcelle Smith, Donna Higley, Golda Loomis, Ruth Culbertson and Mildred Leason.

In the District meet with St. Joe and Waterloo, Carver Newcombe won first place with his oration on the United States Constitution. Bernard Sturgis won the right to represent B. H. S. at Auburn in the discussion. Due to the illness of Mowitza, Helen Hanna loyally came to the rescue and made a splendid showing in the reading with only five hours preparation.

At the county meet both Carver and Bernard did very well and each was awarded third place.

Prospects for next year are very bright. None of the individual contestants graduate and only three members of the double quartette.

Demosthonian Literary Society

The Demosthonian Literary Society was organized in 1922. This society gave programs every four weeks. The following year was spent in the completing of the organization with a few programs rendered.

In 1926 a new plan was devised. The pupils of the high school were chosen so that the talent was divided evenly with Helen Bryan as president.

It was decided to render one program during the year 1926-27, and at the latter part of the school term to give a joint program with the Antonians.

The Demosthonians gave their program December 9, 1926. The program was well patronized as it was given in the evening and the public was invited.

The program was as follows:

Piano Solo—Doris Kester; Oration—Carver Newcombe; Violin Solo—Allan Miller; Current Events—Otis Kline; Piano Duet—Donna Higley and Helen Bryan; Double Quartette—"Carry Me Back to Old Virginny"—Donna Higley, Marcelle Smith, Edna Moore, Helen Bryan, Harold Ash, Otis Kline, Carver Newcombe, Walter Fisher; Reading—Helen Hanna; Cornet Solo—Harold Ash; Essay—"Dish Washing and I"—Velda Huntington; Piano Solo—Robert Gehring; Jokes—Frank Parker; Reading—Marcelle Smith; Saxaphone Solo—Ruth Noragon; Dialogue—"The Train to Mauro"—Virginia Brown, Leland Diehl, Romaine Campbell.

—H. B. '27.

Antonian Literary Society

The two literary societies were rearranged at the beginning of this school term. Unfortunately most of the talent of the high school was in one society, so the entire school was divided, with equal talent on both sides. It was also decided to give the programs in the evening, free of charge, for anyone that wished to attend. The Antonian literary society has given one evening program this year, which was a great success. The Auditorium was filled. Every one that attended enjoyed hearty laughs throughout the entire program.

The program was announced by slides on the screen just above the platform. Each one taking part was to represent some famous person of that particular profession. Jokes and witty sayings were also thrown on the screen between numbers.

The program was as follows:

Piano Solo—Bernice Stuller; Reading—Buren Ulm; Violin Duet—Norman Norris and Keith Beebe; Debate—"Resolved that Needles are more useful than pins," Lucile Hamman, Pauline Hubartt, Ferda Hample, Keith Beebe; Piano Duet—Florence Maggert, Colista Diehl; Vaudeville Act, "A Day on the Golf Links,"—Florence Maggert, John Campbell; Double Quartette—Lucile Hamman, Catherine Oberlin, Colista Diehl, Florence Maggert, Norman Norris, Anson Smith, Paul Oberlin, Ernest Hiatt; Biography of Louis Pasteur—Herbert Tyson; Piano Request Numbers—Ora Blaker; Clog Dance—Blaine Rex; Old Fashioned School Play—By the Group. —Colista Diehl, Pres.

The Rector Scholarship Foundation

The Rector Scholarship Foundation was established at De Pauw University by the late Edward M. Rector of Chicago, about ten years ago. The first class of Rector Scholars was graduated in 1920. Since then nearly six hundred Rector Scholars have received their degrees. The purpose of the Foundation is to pay the tuition of deserving men students who are ambitious for college training. Each year one hundred scholarships are given to high school graduates who have rated with a high scholastic standing throughout the high school course. To keep the scholarship the student must make average or better than average grades, may not fail a course, or drop it with a failing mark, and must conform to the university standards of character and behavior. Each year scholarships, which last the remainder of the four year course are given to men students who make an average of forty points (or between a C and B grade) in all subjects. In addition the Foundation maintains a loan fund for the benefit of the students.

Butler has been well represented in the Foundation. The class of '24 was represented by Earl McDonald who has made a splendid showing. He will graduate this year with honors. The class of '25 was represented by Laurence Blaker who has done excellent work. Wade Newcombe, a graduate of '26, is now a student at De Pauw. The representative for the class of 1927 will be

The Lyceum Course

After an interval of three years without a lyceum in Butler, the Senior class decided to try putting on a winter program again. A good course was contracted for and solicitations were made. The response to requests for pledges for season tickets was very gratifying, giving us good hopes for a successful course. Door receipts brought the total for the course a little above the cost.

The entertainers for the four numbers were:

Mr. Crowell, entertainer and impersonator
The Music Makers
Mr. Weaver, cartoonist and impersonator
The Dixie Jubilee Quartette.

Patrons to the four numbers declared it a very successful course and were well pleased with the numbers as a whole, and asked for a course for next year.

The Junior-Senior Banquet

The Annual Junior-Senior Banquet, given in honor of the Seniors, was held May 21, 1926 by the class of '27. At 7 o'clock, to strains of soft music, the guests formed a double line and marched through an archway which led them into an enchanted garden. No one would have recognized the staid old Gym, for glorious had it become with its garden fence, gateways and huge tree, under whose spreading branches were the tables. These decorations together with dainty hand painted favors for the girls, gay nodding daisies for the boys, frilly nut cups and unique place cards were carried out in the green and gold color scheme.

It was not alone a feast for the eyes for a delicious four-course dinner was served and following the dinner, toasts were given by Walter Fisher, Junior Class President; Wade Newcombe, Senior President; Colista Diehl, Miss Renner, Floy Ulm, Raymond Snyder, Mr. Wooden, Florence Maggert, Margaret Lowe, and Miss Cline, with Mr. Goodrich acting as toastmaster.

All agreed it was a lovely banquet and the Juniors hated to say goodbye to the Seniors for they realized that never again would they be permitted to gather thus again.

* * * * * *

On Friday evening, May 6, 1927, in honor of the graduating class, the Juniors entertained with a banquet of lovely appointments at the Hotel Butler.

The two classes assembled in the lobby of the hotel and then to music furnished by the Blaker orchestra, they entered the dining room where they found places at the tables, beautifully decorated in rose and silver, the Senior class colors. The place cards, favors and programs were also very effectively carried out in this color scheme.

The welcome address was given by the Junior Class President, John Campbell, and in response the Seniors were represented by Jerald Teutsch, their President.

The three-course dinner was excellently prepared and served and between courses were given special numbers,—the crowning of the Senior queen by the primary pupils, who presented each guest with a lovely pink rose, the Senior flower, readings by Miss Greatbatch, and vocal numbers by King Oberlin. Of course the entire banquet was accompanied with numbers by the orchestra.

At the close of the last course, with Mr. Wooden acting as toast master, toasts were given by members of the faculty and classes—Walter Fisher, Velda Huntington, Marcelle Smith, Ernest Hiatt, Mr. Goodrich, Harold Ash, Mr. Marks, Miss Chapman and Ferda Hample.

The Seniors wish to express, at this opportunity, their appreciation for the effort put forth by the hosts and hostesses to entertain the class of '27 for the last time. This banquet has strengthened the feeling of friendship between the two classes which will not soon be forgotten and the Juniors are preparing to take up the place of honor, being left by the class of '27, as Seniors of '28.

School Exhibit

The annual Butler school exhibit, which took place Friday, April 29th, was perhaps the best presentation of school work that has ever been given in Butler school. Every department, from the primary to the senior class was represented in some way.

On entering the west door one was confronted with four attractive invitations to enter the four grade rooms. Room one contained the exhibit of the first, second, and third grades. Room two held the work of the fourth and fifth grades and room three the work of Junior High.

The art room remained true to its name for here was a canopy of blossoms. Around the walls were reed baskets filled with flowers and the tables were filled with beautiful silk scarfs all of which had been made by the art class with Miss Downs as teacher. Miss Chapman's High School sewing class held their dress and aprons on display here too.

In the hall leading to the High school was the High School manual training and agricultural exhibit. All here was interesting and enlightening; we learned that we actually have a furniture factory at school.

The history room contained relics of the letters and manuscripts of the Civil war up to the World war. Many economics charts, letters, and posters made this room interesting.

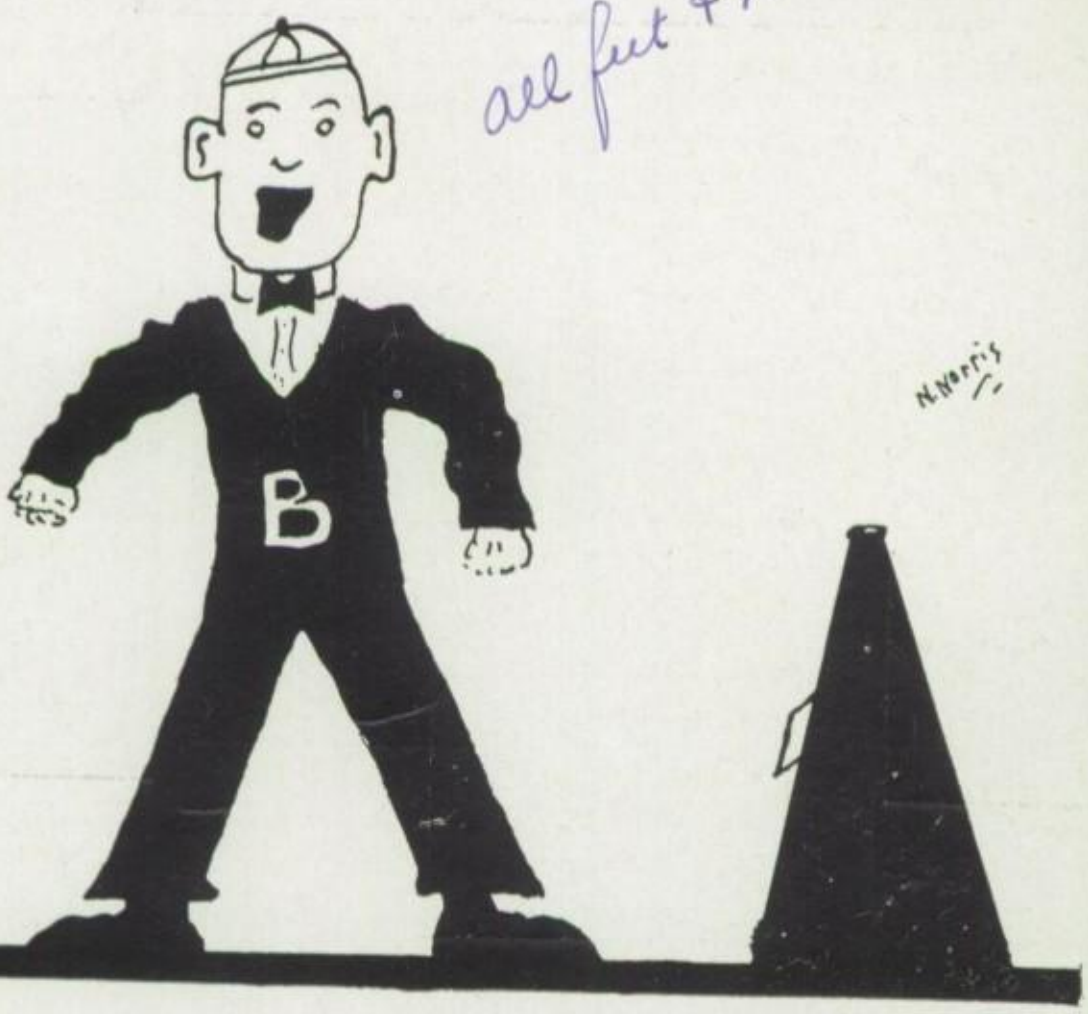
In the domestic science room was a table set with delicious and tempting food, all ready to be eaten. The domestic science and agriculture department presented a style show and farm playlet, respectively.

Upstairs, room five held the King's English exhibit. The themes, charts and posters here were unusual specimens of English work.

The Latin exhibit filled room three and the whole world may now know what Butler High school pupils think of Latin. In this room were excellent drawings of geometry figures made by the solid and plane geometry classes.

The physics and chemistry laboratories were filled full of apparatus including a hot water heating system and a kitchen water system for the home, a distilling plant, a laboratory made phonograph needle, and an alternating light, which showed the word "Physics" to the world. The chemistry class had an exhibit of home made extracts, dyes, glass etchings, and the like.

It is hoped that students, patrons, and faculty are all benefited by such exhibits, and that they shall grow better and better in the future.



Athletics

Bottom Row—Bernard Sturgis, Norman Norris, Robert Cather.

Top Row—Robert Poffenberger, Blaine Rex, Elmer Beebe, Allan Miller.

Left—Norman Norris, Student Manager.

Right—Helen Bryan and Blaine Rex, Yell Leaders.

BUSINESS MANAGERS AND YELL LEADERS

The business managers were chosen from the student body, each class being represented. Norman Norris was elected chief manager and was official score keeper at all games. He also had charge of all basket ball and baseball equipment. The assistant managers were Bernard Sturgis, Robert Cather, Robert Poffenberger, Blaine Rex, Elmer Beebe and Allan Miller.

At the beginning of the Basket Ball season this year yell leaders were elected by the students. There were several students who were given try outs, but Helen Bryan and Blaine Rex were chosen as yell leaders for the year '26-'27. We have had several pep sessions during the year and learned many new yells, as well as practiced the old ones. Helen and Blaine kept the high school busy yelling and let our boys know that they were for them.

Bottom Row—W. Fisher, H. Slentz, F. Parker, H. Tyson, P. Oberlin, E. Hiatt, D. Keefer.

Second Row—D. Shumaker, H. Hodge, D. Loomis, M. Leason, K. Beebe, H. Ash, A. Campbell.

Third Row—Coach Marks, N. Norris, Student Manager.

Basketball Season 1926-1927

The green and gold basketball cagers started the season with three regulars from last year, and some good material from class teams. Mr. Marks from DePauw University was the coach, succeeding Mr. Renner. Paul Oberlin, '28, was elected captain and proved to be a very able one.

With much inexperienced material from which to pick, Coach Marks succeeded in putting a team on the floor that won eleven out of eighteen games, which is a very good record for the season, considering the strong teams we played against. Although we lost to Waterloo in the sectional tourney, critics placed us among the strong teams of the county.

The second team had a very successful season, winning four out of six games played.

The season officially closed with the interclass tourney which was won by the Seniors.

The team and management wish to take this opportunity to thank Mr. and Mrs. Lee Noragon for the banquet given in honor of the basketball team on April 1, and to the Mesdames Hiatt, Keefer and Oberlin for the banquet given on April 22. At this banquet Frank Parker was elected Captain for the year 1927-'28. These banquets were certainly appreciated, and show a mighty fine spirit toward the school. We also wish to thank the public for their patronage and fine sportsmanship shown during the basketball season.

Basketball Team

CAPTAIN PAUL OBERLIN—Junior—Forward.

Paul was chosen to captain the Green and Gold Cagers during the season of 1926-27. "Obie" proved to be a very able captain and was one of the high point men. We certainly can hand it to "Obie" for his fighting spirit and he has another year to play for the B. H. S. Ask "Obie" about the Ashley game.

ERNEST HIATT—Senior—Guard.

"Ernie" has played his last year for the B. H. S. team and certainly made life miserable for the opponents offense. He was a bear on long shots and often broke through the opponents' defense for underneath the basket shots.

HAROLD SLENTZ—Senior—Guard.

Harold also has played his last year for the B. H. S. and was a hard, conscientious worker and made things tough for his opponents. He has one weakness and that is for a little blue-eyed girl in the Freshman Class.

FRANK PARKER—Junior—Forward.

"Frankie" was the smallest man on the team, but he more than made up for it in speed. He starred in the Auburn games. He has another year to play on the B. H. S. team and should make things uncomfortable for the opposition.

HERBERT TYSON—Senior—Center.

Herbert has also played his last game in a green and gold uniform, and he has been much credit to the school. His fine fighting spirit, backed by clean living and that broad smile in all places whether losing or winning, have won "Herb" many friends and admirers. Best wishes for the future, and we are sure that nothing but success will come if you face life with that same fighting spirit.

WALTER FISHER—Senior—Forward.

"Fisher" has played his last year for the B. H. S. and was one of the smallest men on the team, but he more than made up for it in speed. He probably would have become a star had his wish come true, that was, to grow during the summer.

DONALD KEEFER—Freshman—Guard

"Joe" made the team his first year and still has three years ahead of him to play on the team. He was a great defensive guard and ought to develop into a star before he graduates. He has a weakness for a certain Sophomore living on North Broadway.

MARTIN LEASON—Senior—Center—Guard

Although Martin did not get to play very much we can hand it to him for his fighting spirit. He certainly passed the ball when he played and sacrificed his own chance to make baskets to others.

KEITH BEEBE—Sophomore—Forward

Keith still has two more years to play for the B. H. S. and is a shark on long shots. He ought to do wonders during his Junior and Senior years on the team.

HAROLD ASH—Junior—Guard.

Harold did not get to play very much on the team, but had the "old fite" when he did. He will bear watching during his last year on the team. Harold has a weakness for a Senior girl of the blonde variety.

Among those who deserve honorable mention are: Arthur Campbell, Drayton Loomis and Harold Hodge, who should give the regulars a run for their positions on next year's varsity squad.

BASKETBALL SCORES

So. Milford	42	B. H. S.	29	
Angola	59	"	9	
Fremont	23	"	24	
Auburn	27	"	29	
Garrett	32	"	26	
Ashley	32	"	26	
Edgerton	32	"	42	
Waterloo	17	"	35	
Fremont	23	"	27	
P. Lake	22	"	29	
Montpelier	17	"	14	
Edgerton	11	"	17	
St. Joe	12	"	40	(County Tourney)
Auburn	16	"	12	(County Tourney)
Ashley	22	"	55	
Wolff Lake	46	"	31	
Waterloo	19	"	23	
Kendallville	51	"	28	
St. Joe	23	"	38	
So. Milford	16	"	39	
Waterloo	36	"	20	(Sectional Tourney)

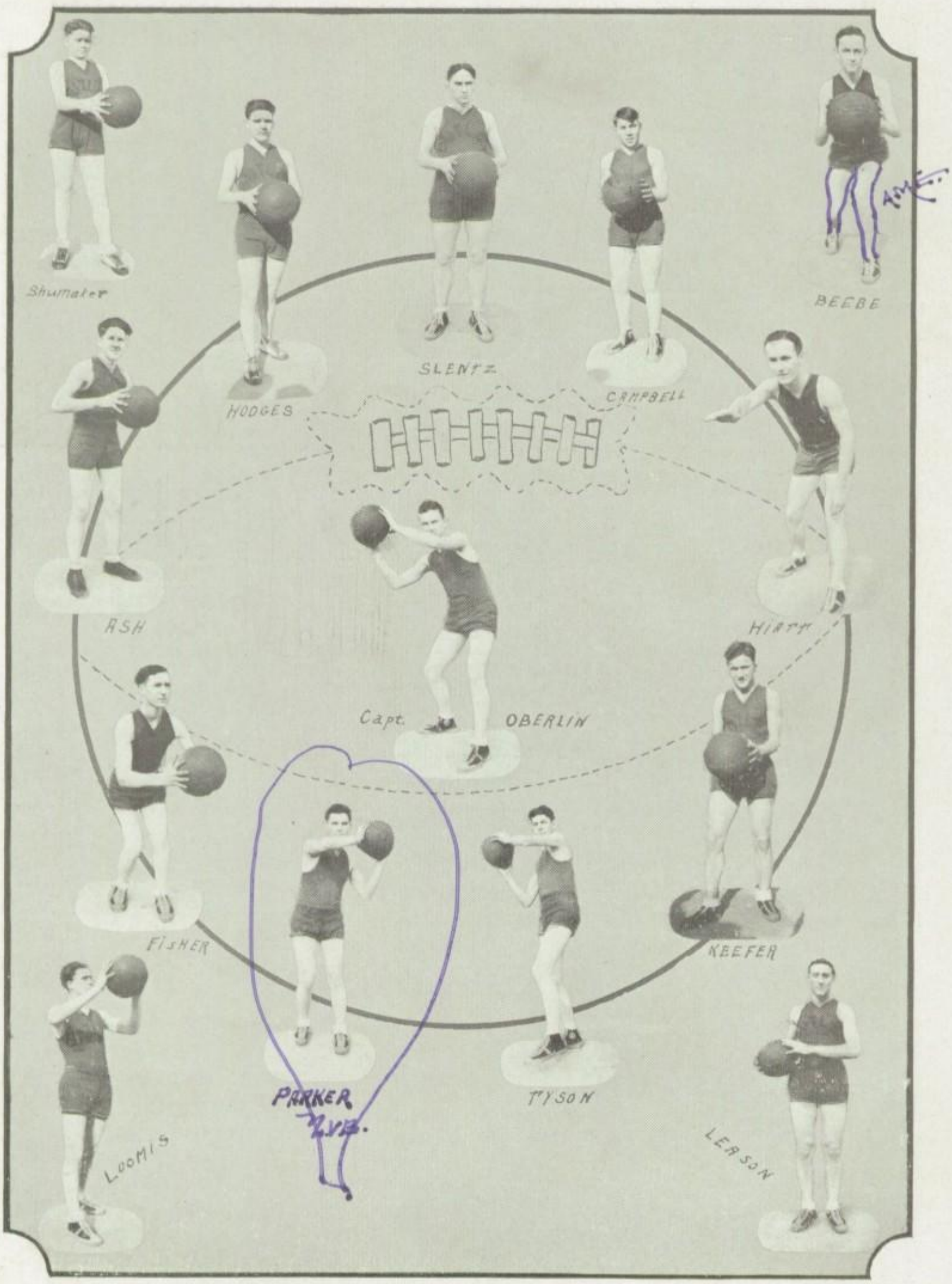
The Butler Medals

The idea of giving a medal for good sportsmanship in basketball was originated several years ago. The points that are to be considered are: The player's attitude toward opponents, teammates, coach, officials, teachers, schoolwork and school mates, and a gentleman-like attitude in all public places. We feel that such an award, if truly merited, is a big incentive to learn and practice the correct virtues necessary in making a bigger and better type of a useful citizen. It has been found in the four years that the medal has been given, that it was only a matter of choice as to who should receive the medal, for so many in the basketball group, have been very deserving, and have shown such a fine spirit and attitude.

Recipients of the medal are: Walter Rank—'24; Albert Wideman—'25; Harold Slentz—'26; Earnest Hoot '27.

In the spring of 1926, it was decided to give a miniature baseball for good sportsmanship in baseball, based upon the same qualities as for basketball. The medal was awarded to Herbert Tyson in '26 and to Walter Fisher in '27.

The award is made by a committee of the following persons: Coach; each high school teacher; Editor of "Tropaeum"; Editor of "Fortnite"; each letter man on the team; Student manager; Referee for basketball; Umpire for baseball.


Shumaker
HODGES
SLENTZ
CAMPBELL
BEEBE
ASH
Capt.
OBERLIN
HIATT
FISHER
KEEFER
PARKER
W.V.U.
TYSON
LOOMIS
LEASON

Second Row—Coach Marks; Krontz; Ash; Smith; Norris, student manager; Leason; Hiatt; Goodrich, coach and faculty manager.

Front Row—Campbell; Loomis; Tyson; Slentz; Fisher; Beebe.

Baseball

Spring of 1926

The first call for baseball candidates brought out a good number for tryouts. After a few days of practice on the school ground the team decided they were good enough to take Edgerton across, but seven innings showed the green and gold diamond stars were not up to form yet. However, the score did not tell the true story of the game, as much better playing was witnessed, than was manifested by the score. The next two weeks came along with lots of wet weather and a bad ground, and the next games were played with the smallest end of the score for Butler. Good weather then brought long and hard workouts by coaches, Goodrich and Renner, and a winning streak started which resulted in six consecutive victories, including the old rivals, Auburn and Garrett.

Line-up for the spring season:

H. Slentz—c
Aldrich—p, cf
Tyson—p, cf
Kissinger—1b
A. Campbell—2b, ss
Keep—2b, rf
Rank—3b
Fisher—ss
Beebe—ss
W. Newcombe—lf
Leason—cf
Loomis—rf

(Autumn Season, 1926)

In order to bridge the gap between opening of school and basketball season, baseball was again taken up. Several old faces were missing from the line-up now, but Coach Marks got new ones filling their places very well and

the winning streak from spring was continued. Four games were won out of five.

An additional feature was added to this baseball season. The faculty challenged the varsity team to a series, and strange to relate, bad weather ended the season with each team one game to their credit. The varsity happened to win the first game of this series and a gala celebration followed, but after the next faculty-varsity game, no news was in circulation, and the whole student body was in mourning for many days.

Line up:

Slentz—c	Campbell—2b	Leason—cf
Tyson—p	Beebe—3b	Hiatt—rf
Loomis—1b, p	Fisher—ss	Krontz—u
Smith—1b	Ash—lf	

(Spring Season, 1927)

The spring season opened with a defeat in the hands of Metz, but as this goes to press, it was the only game lost. The team showed very good team work and playing ability, and many more were out for baseball than ever before. Tyson's whirling never failed to hold the opponents to a few scattered hits, and good support from the rest of the team held their scores unusually low.

Parker—c	Campbell—2b	Hiatt—lf
Tyson—p	Beebe—3b	Ash—cf
Loomis—p	Fisher—ss	Krontz—u
Smith—1b	Slentz—rf	

BASEBALL SCORES

Spring, 1926

Edgerton	11	B. H. S.	0
Garrett	23	B. H. S.	14
Auburn	9	B. H. S.	8
Spencerville	8	B. H. S.	7
Waterloo	3	B. H. S.	2
Auburn	16	B. H. S.	18
Waterloo	5	B. H. S.	7
St. Joe	5	B. H. S.	10
Spencerville	2	B. H. S.	5
Garrett	4	B. H. S.	6
St. Joe	0	B. H. S.	2

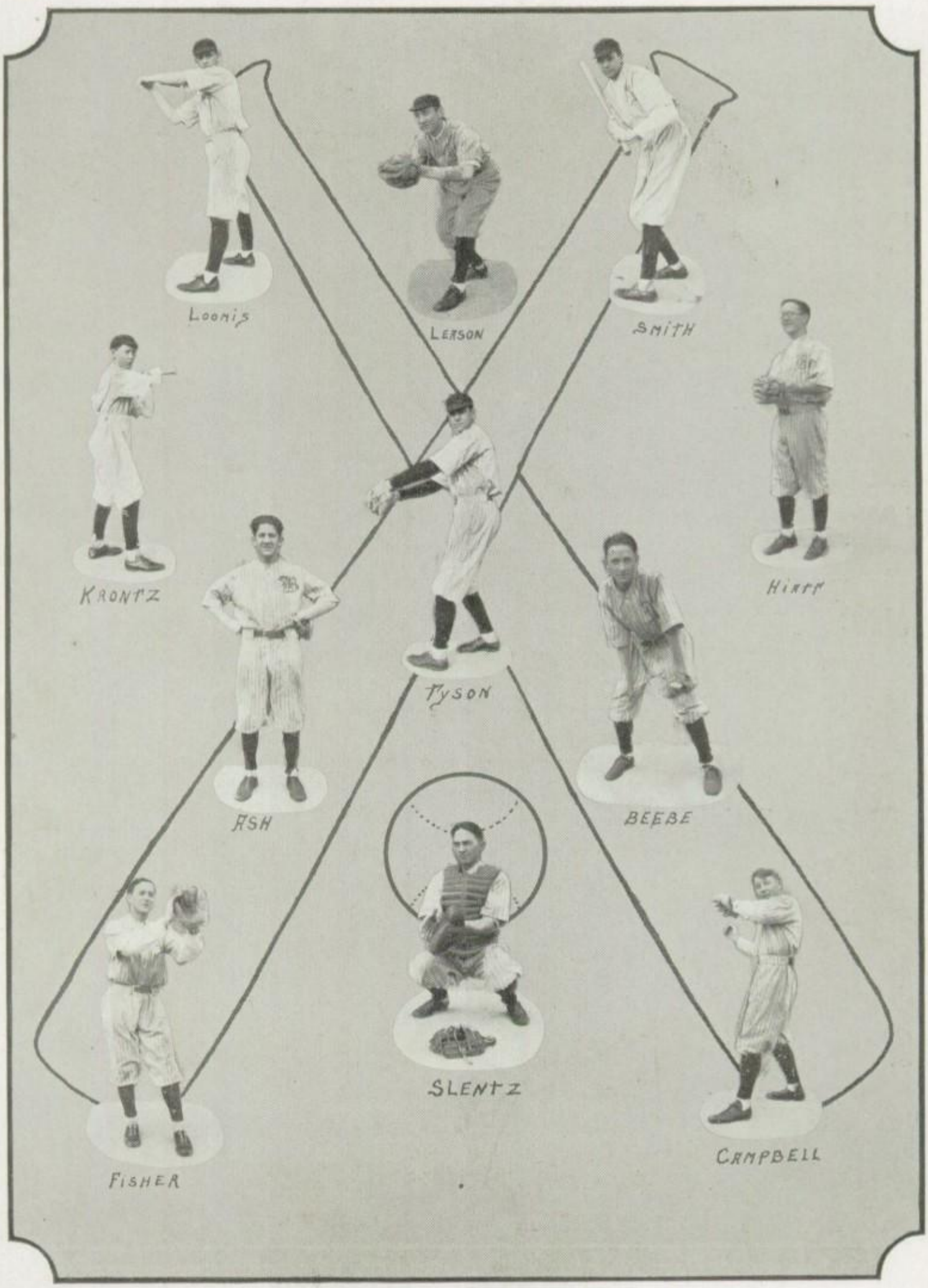
Spring 1927

Metz	7	B. H. S.	1
Spencerville	8	B. H. S.	14
Metz	6	B. H. S.	7
Edgerton	5	B. H. S.	8
Waterloo	0	B. H. S.	25
Angola	3	B. H. S.	2
Auburn	4	B. H. S.	14

Waterloo, there, May 17.
Edgerton, here, May 20.
St. Joe, there, May 24.

Fall 1926

Spencerville	3	B. H. S.	8
Ashley	1	B. H. S.	2
Edgerton	3	B. H. S.	4
Ashley	5	B. H. S.	12
Edgerton	3	B. H. S.	0
Faculty	0	B. H. S.	3
Faculty	3	B. H. S.	1


Loomis
Leeson
Smith
Krontz
Hiatt
Tyson
Ash
Beebe
Slentz
Fisher
Campbell

Literary

ODE TO THE VIOLET

Sweet violet, that out of view,
Through sleet, and rain, and shower,
Still keeps a speck of heavenly blue,
To bless its saddest hour.

Oh would that violet so blue,
Could win a touch of blessing,
And live in Nature's brightest hue,
Through some divine caressing.

So teach us now thy simple art,
When trouble clouds our skies,
To hold securely in our heart,
A song that never dies.

—Marcelle Smith '28.

HARD TO BEAT

I love to chat
With intelligent folks,
You learn something good
Crack practical jokes.

But the unlearned and stupid
Have nothing to say,
They rather object
To the real smart way.

The students in our class
Are hard to beat,
We stand at the front
We never retreat.

Our motto is Purity,
Knowledge supreme,
Believe me we get there
And that is no dream.

—By Donna Higley.

SPRING

The spring has come with flowers and birds,
And all green life is new;
The swelling buds fragrant and fresh
Are sweetly bathed in dew.

The cares of winter have passed away,
And bees will soon be humming,
The sunny days have come to stay,
For all, a joyful time is coming.

So while the days are blooming and free,
And nature in beauty dressed,
Let's acclaim the spring with its color and life,
The time of year that's best.

—Vara Fifer.

FEELIN' BLUE

To you.

Whas a matter honey?
Feelin' blue today?
Jes look sorrow in the face.
Smile when things go wrong;
Laugh and the world laughs with you
Weep and you weep alone.

—Lucile Hamman.

A FRESHMAN'S FIRST COMPOSITION

By Walter J. Fisher.

WATER

Water is very deliteful too have around of you on a hot day and it even feals good to have sum cold poored down your back but on the other hand, it is not so pleasant on a cold day to be slipped up on by sum guy and have him dose you with sum cold H^2O wich proves evrything has it's day.

When you are thirsty water taistes better too you than enything else does but when you are unthirsty you would sooner eat a bar of candy. Moral—everything is of benefit if it is used at the rite time.

When you see a little crick bubbling cheerfully along you think —G, hain't nature grate, but when you are about drowned by a flood of the crick you think:—darn that crick.

If you go too the oceanbank to sea the huge waves jumping around you have an awful fealing but if you take a ride on a ship your fealing is stil worse awful of a different kind.

When you look at the huge waves you feal like swim but when you jump inn and a wave hits you, you feal like a reck, wich proves sum things are grander at a distants.

Water is also useful in other weighs sech as making mud pies, to use in water pistels, make snow and too stop buildings from changing into ashes because of fire. It is also useful if you have too tak a pill or too wash down a cookee a generus ant compells you to eat.

If it was not for water Trudy could not have swam the Catilina channel and gayned sech faime, also Venice would not bee sech a grate sity.

What would happen two the navy if their were suddenly know water? What would become of the submarine or Niagura Falls or the grate lakes?

Little boys do not like water to be washed inn but like too jump around in sum puddle and get all dirtier than wet.

A chicken does not have much of a chance in H^2O but a duck is expert, which proves evryone has his peculiar vocation.

If it was not for water their wood not have ben a grate flood and Noah wood knot have bilt thee are and bin in the Bible.

Water sumtimes causes floods wich kills peple but it is the peples fault themselfs because they should had lived on higher ground, wich proves you should all-ways look for a exit befour you locate yourself sumplace.

DISHWASHING AND I

"Mother, take the last pleasant look at the table for after those men set down to eat there will be nothing left but heaps of dirty dishes!" Now don't think I begrudge those hardworking wood-sawers or threshers their meal, bless their hearts, no! It's a pleasure to see them eat heartily and then—it's another pleasure covered with pain to wash dishes—stacks and stacks of dirty plates, silverware and about a dozen sticky, greasy kettles!.

But then I love my little dishpan with its bright and smiling face—the smile coming from a beautiful yawning mouth always waiting to receive its gift—of dishes. It isn't even satisfied with food three times a day but must piece between meals with separator dishes, baking utensils and churning dishes.

I never know whether this greedy little tub is my friend or enemy. There are times when it comforts me in hours of distress; for instance—mental work—the kind where you are trying to fix a thing in your mind and it doesn't want to stay fixed.

Many are the recitations and parts in dialogues have I learned and recited into the martyred and untiring ears of my faithful friend. It has seen the evolution of my poor brain in trying to make things stay "put" in my head from "Twinkle, twinkle, little Star" in my primer days—past "Christmas at Punkin Holler" at the one room school to my first original talk or essay in public.

But, oh, what a hypocrite it is! How one little doglike receptacle can possibly heap so much torture and misery on one's head is inconceivable. Yes, I called it doglike, for like a trustful puppy it never leaves you. You will find it by your side in the midst of joy, the most happy game of dolls or music and its as sure to follow the most bountiful meal as the stomach ache is to follow the eating of green apples. I remember many a time of it robbing my good times by calling in the midst of my fun, "come, now, you'll have to play with me," and somehow you always have to obey that beckoning call 'specially when its seconded by your mother. Even tho' you are dressed to go away and those heaps of little imps called dishes are dirty you roll up your sleeves with none too good a grace and bewail your bondage of slavery to the dishpan. Have I forgotten those days when I gathered up my playthings or books and started cheerfully out of the room to have my master call, "come back here, young lady, I'm first?" I should say not! I pray that someday some benevolent person will free women from dishwashing as Lincoln freed the slaves!

For the benefit of my tortured fellow-women who have been doomed to this same fate and have my degree of horror of dishwashing I pass on to you how my sister and I have held battle with innumerable stacks of dishes. We named them all! Yes, all of them. It gives one a feeling of joy to be able to find enough names in the English language for the infinite number of dishes. Plates began with P—so of course Patties, Pauls and Patricia were among the list. There were Cora and Clare Cup, Fanny Fork and ever so many and in extreme cases a few original names. To vary this course we would at times tell where each dish (pretending it a person) lived and the first letter indicated the town or state—for example. plate—Paris, and so on. But not excelling in geography we never got more than two dozen dishes located.

Don't laugh, you men, who are unacquainted with the misery of the dishpan family. A woman who is faced with a future, punctuated at regular intervals by dish washing, as they nearly all are, is an object of pity and needs some such thing to occupy her mind.

Another way to combat this evil is having two fellow sufferers wiping dishes at the same time. The two victims, can they be secured, run a race wip-

ing dishes. Mother becomes a martyr to broken cups and plates—and dishes not thoroughly dry but the haste in which the dishes are cleared away almost balances the trouble she is given.

Though the heavens shake and the earth be removed I verily believe that the dishpan with its soapy dishwater and its sticky dough pans will remain forever.

I pass on to you the song my sister and I washed dishes to, singing it in all manner of tones:

To the Tune of "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles."

I'm forever washing dishes,
Dirty dishes every where
They're stacked so high
Nearly reach the sky
But like a hero, I'll do 'em or die;
Dishes always hiding
I can look every where
I'm forever washing dishes,
Dirty dishes everywhere.

—Velda Huntington.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Yesterday the birds were singing
And everything was fair;
All insects were awinging.
Love and beauty everywhere,
Was found without restraint.

'Twas nature's proudest season, Spring;
Earth was blessed with heavenly light.

Today all life's sorrows
Are met with one accord.
No more do the happy birds carol
Their cheerful song to the skies;
No more do other happy faces
Drive away all traces of our cries.

Sorrows come to everyone;
'Tis a burden hard to bear.
Those are blessed with nobleness
Who can see joy everywhere

—Lucile Hamman.

A FAIRY

Oh, I would that I were a fairy,
To float in the azure blue,
To wear garments so light and airy,
And to sip from the rose, the dew.

To live a life of joy and pleasure,
To linger near flowers so sweet,
To bathe in the sunshine at leisure,
And at night on a rose bed I'd sleep.

—John A. Campbell.

THE LOST SHIP AND THE LONE STAR

"How long you been here, kid?" asked a tall, dark complexioned young fellow. It was Max Dilton, the college sheik and plain to see, a senior.

"We-l-l, not very long," was the reply.

"How long?"

"Well, you see, I just arrived on the last train."

"I thought so. You're greener than parsley and I'll say you look it. What's the idea? Why the books?"

"Books? Oh, yes—why, those are my school books. You can't study very well without books, can you?"

"That's a good one on you. Why, boy, they don't study here. They don't come here to study. They come for the fun there is in it, not to study."

"They don't? Well, I'm not particular about what they do. I'm not worrying about whether they study or not. I came for an education, you work for that. You don't get far in this world without working, and that's what I'm going to do. Laugh if you wish. Let them all laugh. I'm here to study and study I will. Good day."

"Well, he sure dried off quick. I could have sworn when I saw him coming down the street, that he couldn't even say his A. B. C's, but I've got a hunch since he gave that Gettysburg address that he might make trouble around here. I'd better go to the club house and tell the gang about him."

The studious young fellow, who had already disclosed his whats and why fors to the very first person in the city he had spoken to, was Edward Beck. He was one of the few fortune seekers who realize that it all lies at one source, an education. Edward knew his father had been a successful New York business man, but that would not make him one. It all depended upon Ed and Ed alone.

As Edward made his way toward the college, Max was making for the club house to tell of the new arrival.

"Say, boys, I just now met the funniest dude up the street, but he didn't turn out to be half the dude he looked to be. You'd think he was a first cousin to Abraham Lincoln, and inherited the Gettysburg style to hear him talk. I think he means business. If he ever finds out about any of our plans we're sunk. What's the public opinion? Does he stay or is he shipped?"

"Ship him nothing," they all said. "We'll take a look at him ourselves first. We'll let him go a couple of weeks and see how he acts before we say, ship him."

Two weeks passed. Ed, as he was now called, had caused no trouble. He disturbed no one just studying, and that was practically all he did.

"He seems to be a right good sort of a fellow," some of the boys remarked.

"Yes, I guess he won't do much harm if he stays where he is now."

Such was the daily talk at the club house, and if each one had realized the truth, they were all becoming attached to him.

A month passed quickly. Ed had made no close friends, but everyone seemed nice to him. The girls at the college liked to stop him in the halls or on the street and talk to him. He had expected other people to talk to him like Max had done upon their first meeting, but they had not. Perhaps there had been others come for the same reason he had.

Ed had been sitting at his room window, book in hand, and had let his mind wander from his studies to think about the matter just discussed. It was almost dark when Ed left his room and started out to lunch. He was walking slowly, with his head down, when he was suddenly aroused from thought

at the cry of "Extra! All about the big hold-up robbery." Even this did not seem to affect him. He walked on down the street paying no attention to the newsboy at his side.

"Say, don't you want to buy a paper? Tells all about the big holdups last night. Hay! Well, gee whizz, you'd think he knew more about it than the newspaper. Never can tell, maybe he does."

Ed walked on down the street to the restaurant where he was accustomed to taking his meals. As he sat down at the table the first thing he saw was the evening paper with the head line: "Big Holdup Robbery." "I might as well read it," he said.

"Two men held up on street. One hundred dollars taken. Robber escapes." He shoved the paper away. Why should he worry about something like that? His teachers, his school work and the business world was all he could think about now. Why spoil his own happiness worrying about others' misfortunes.

As he was walking home about nine that evening, he was suddenly confronted by a man masked in black with a revolver in his hand.

"Put 'em up, Ed,"he said.

Ed was surprised to hear the bandit call him by his first name. Undoubtedly this was the one that had done the other robbing, but how did he know him by name? Ed was dumbfounded, but there was nothing to do but put up his hands.

"You have a pretty good gold watch, haven't you, Ed?" He pulled the watch from Ed's pocket and put it in his own.

Was it? It sounded so much like Max, but it couldn't be, Max wouldn't do a thing like that. "Max Dilton! Is that you, Max?" he said in a whisper.

"Yes, it's me, but I've come to the conclusion that you're not safe. You'll spill the beans sure. You'd better come with me."

Ed, covered with a revolver, followed him to the edge of town and out into the country. After they had walked several miles, Max lead him down a by-road, and up to a little deserted shack in the edge of a wood.

"What do you intend to do to me here, Max?" Ed asked.

"Oh, you'll be all right, don't worry about that. Just step inside, and if you know what's good for you, you'll keep this to yourself."

He struck a match and lighted a lamp that was close by the door. Everything looked as though it had been made ready. What was Max intending to do?

"I wonder where Ed is today? He hasn't been to any of his classes," the girls at school were saying, the next day. Ed was missed. Everyone seemed to enjoy having him around, and everyone was wondering where he could be today. It was the first he had missed since the beginning of the term.

"He may be sick. Let's go to the rooming house and find out."

That evening the girls met an anxious woman at the rooming house. She, too, was worried about Ed.

"No," she said, "He ain't here. I don't know where he could be. He ain't ban here since yesterday 'bout dark. He didn't come home after his lunch. I ban mighty worried after readin' 'bout all these robberies."

"Why don't you notify the police, Mrs. O'Neil?" one of the girls spoke up.

"It won't be me that notifies the police, child. It won't be me that has my Ed locked up in jail, no sir. He ain't done nothing bad."

"But, I only meant to have the police look for him. He might be in danger, you know."

"That's right, child, that's right. Reckon them police that's ban looking for the robbers could look around now and then for my Ed, too."

The girls were almost as worried as the lady at the rooming house. They went about the street asking if people had seen anything of Edward Beck. No one had seen him.

"There's Max," one of the girls said. Let's ask him, he ought to know. Max, what could have become of Ed? He's been gone all day and no one knows a thing about him."

"Oh, he's probably gone home. I didn't think he'd last long when he started out."

Nothing was heard of Ed for a week. Then the searching party, that was looking for the robbers broke into the little shack one day. There was Ed bound to the floor. The first snow fall of the season had come the night before. It had sifted down through the cracks in the roof, and Ed was covered with a blanket of soft snow. There was a part of a loaf of bread and a bottle of milk on the floor beside him. Not being able to move, he was almost frozen.

"What does this mean?" asked an officer.

"I was brought here by a masked man. He held me up on the street, took my watch, and then ordered me to follow him here. He bound me to the floor and I've been here a week."

"Our man," the officer said. "Where did the milk and bread come from?"

"He brought them. He came twice a day and fed me."

'It seems as though he might have given you a blanket to protect you from the cold and snow."

"I would have preferred that to food, but he hasn't been here since the snow."

"Untie him, boys, and take him to a hospital where he will get proper care. We will keep on the road. We're on his trail now."

In a few hours Ed was able to go to the rooming house. On his way he saw Max coming down the street. Max was troubled, but his expression suddenly changed and he greeted Ed loudly.

"Well, hello Ed, thought you'd left for sure." Then his face sobered. "How the devil did you get out of there?" he asked.

"The officers found me, and they are hot on your trail, Max. You'd better take the first train out, is my advice."

"I believe you're a friend, after all, Ed. I'll leave as soon as possible. Thanks and goodbye. Here is your watch, I can't keep it."

Ed watched Max going down the street. Perhaps he'd never see him again. It wouldn't be safe for him to come back. So Ed saw his enemy out of town under his own guidance.

Five years passed. Ed had graduated with the highest honors in his class, and his father had set him up in business in his own office. He had married his childhood sweetheart and was living happily in a beautiful home in the suburbs of New York.

"A telegram for Mr. Beck," the butler announced one morning. Ed read it hastily.

"I must leave for Chicago at once, dear. It's very important business. Have Weeks pack my clothes and send them up at ten. I will leave on the limited at ten-fifty."

"Don't forget to wire as soon as you arrive there, Ed. I want to be sure you get there safely."

"I'll not forget. Goodby."

That evening Ed took dinner with Mr. Sullivan, a prominent Chicago business man. Mr. Beck Senior and Mr. Sullivan had had several big business connections.

"I wanted to talk to you, Mr. Beck, about something I should have talked to your father about before this," Mr. Sullivan began. "I thought it would save him a lot of worry, so I just let it go, and waited for time to make things right. Four years ago our concern was robbed of several thousand dollars. The robber was caught some time afterwards, and is now serving an eight year term in prison, but the money was never located. It made quite a weak spot in our business, but I knew if I told your father he would worry. Now we are completely recovered from the loss and I felt that you should know about it since you have taken your father's place in business. You have been a very successful young man, Mr. Beck, and I want to congratulate you."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Sullivan, but do you remember the man's name that is serving in prison?"

"His name was Dilton, Max Dilton. They said he was wanted at the time for other robberies in the east. He's only serving an eight year term and that is about half over now. He should have had fifty. I believe in insuring protection."

"I wouldn't be afraid to stake my last cent that Dilton has robbed his last time. This will be a lesson to him."

"Yes, if he was given a life sentence. You will have your little jokes, won't you, Ed? You're just like your father used to be. Well, so much for that. We will go back to the office now. I have some other business to talk to you about."

The next morning Ed boarded the train. Not for New York, but for Joliet where the state prison was located. He went to the institution and asked about Mr. Dilton and if he would be permitted to speak to him.

Max was in his cell. The guard opened the heavy iron door to let Ed in. It was closed and locked behind him. It was a different Max that sat there on the bench gazing at Ed. His face had changed from that haughty look to one of a crushed appearance.

"Well, Max," Ed began, "I wondered if it would come to this. But it has taught you a lesson, hasn't it?"

The shabby young man, grown old, dropped on his knees at Ed's feet, and sobbed like a child.

"Oh, Ed," he said, "You were the best friend I ever had, but I didn't realize it. If I could only have looked ahead. If I could just have had a little sense. Now I am ruined for life. I couldn't be anything now no matter how hard I try."

Ed was silent awhile. He wanted Max to feel and feel hard the terrible truth of what he had just said.

"No, Max, I know you are ready to live a new life. When you are free from here come to New York. I will give you money and start you in business. You are an educated man, but you used your education in the wrong way. When you are ready to start over, I will make a successful man of you."

Max could not speak. What a wonderful friend that little dude had turned out to be.

"It might be better if I didn't try to express myself, Ed, but to me you are like the one lone star that shone out of stormy skies, and guided the lost ship safe to shore. The old weather beaten ship was almost hopeless, but you have brought it back."

As Ed rode home on the train that night, he said to himself, "What good have I done today?" And he smiled and said, "More than anyone can ever know."

—Colista Diehl '27.

A ROMANCE

Two wee kittens, one black and one white,
Sat on a roof one bright, starry night,
Little Miss Whitey cried out in dismay,
Oh, Darling Blackie, why can't you stay?

Little Mr. Blackie rushed to her side,
To comfort Miss Whitey with a kiss and a sigh.
And all his love words crooned in her ear,
Affected Miss Whitey and she called him, her Dear.

She consented to his plea with love and devotion,
With eyes very bright and heart full of emotion,
The plans were made for the following night,
To wedland they'd go and start their life right.

After dreaming all night and planning all day,
Little Miss Whitey promised to love, honor, and obey.
Then after the wedding they sailed away far.
In their wee little red and white painted car.

—Virginia Stone.

A NARROW ESCAPE

It was in the mountains of Kentucky about sixty-five years ago that a young man moved with his wife and small son, Joe. Tom, the young man, worked very hard in summer in order to obtain food for his family in winter. He also hunted and trapped in the cold months of winter which helped some. The Indians lived close by and for some reason they disliked the white man.

One night Tom was going to a neighbors who had two sick children. He intended to stay with them while the poor tired parents rested. While on his way there he met an Indian, known as Indian Jack, who was singing and acting rather queerly. Indian Jack was not an uncivilized Indian of whom we read in stories, but he was not as safe as he might have been. He had given up the wild woods life and was living in a little cabin close by, but when he became angry his savagery came back full force.

Tom stopped this drunken Indian and said, "Brave, will you give me that bottle?" indicating the whiskey flask which the Indian carried under his arm. The Brave grunted and shook his head. "A dollar?" asked Tom, holding out the bright shining coin. Again he shook his head. The young man slipped the dollar in the Indian's hand, grabbed the bottle and threw it against the rocks.

Tom slapped his horse's side and galloped away.

Indian Jack went in the opposite direction, straight to the home of Tom. He boldly walked in. Rose, Tom's wife, sat before the fire trying to read her Bible by the dim light. At the entrance of the Indian she started up and backed against the wall. "Where is the little boy?" he muttered, "where is little Joe?" She shook her head. "Won't tell?" said the Indian. Again Rose shook her head. "All right," said the Indian. I shall put you where you will want to tell." He seized her, stepped upon a stool, caught her clothesline and tightly bound her to the brace log. Then he said, "When you are ready to tell where little Joe is, then I will let you down." He picked up the stool, the only one which the cabin afforded, and walked out in front, leaned against the cabin and began to smoke.

Rose sobbed and sobbed. Presently the supposedly vinegar barrel in the corner separated in the middle, the upper half rolled off, showing a cozy little bed of straw. Little Joe sat rubbing his eyes, then called softly, "What's the matter, mother?" "Sh!" Rose whispered, "Come here." Little Joe tip-toed to the shelf, climbed on the table and tried to reach her, but all in vain.

"Joe," whispered Rose, "Are you afraid?" And as Joe shook his head, she went on, "Stand on your barrel, climb out the window, be careful, don't fall, and run for daddy. If Indian Jack chases you, drop on the ground in the leaves, behind a stump, anywhere, only don't let him catch you, and hurry."

Joe clambered on the barrel and started to climb out the window. He kicked the barrel, causing it to roll over, but Rose could see by the moonlight outside the window, that he had safely reached the woodpile. Indian Jack had heard the racket and darted around the house, a heavy strap in his hand. Rose could see him strike at Joe, then stumble and fall. Joe vanished. After awhile the Indian moved and tried to get up, but fell again. A cloud passed over the moon and Rose could see no more. After anxiously waiting she at last heard the voice of little Joe, "We're coming, mother." She heard the Indian rush to his horse, heard her husband stop him and after a few hurriedly spoken words Indian Jack left the cabin.

Tom and little Joe rushed into the cabin and cut the line which bound Rose to the brace log. Little Joe had an ugly cut on his neck, caused by the strap, but he had bravely gone after his daddy.

—Frances Miller '27.

"OH CLARENCE"

Bobby was an arrent lad,
A flashing sword and armor,
Was all that he would ever need
To prove to her, he loved her.

Now Violet was a governess,
A quiet modest person,
And Bobby was a foolish boy,
Of that they all were certain.

Clarence was a soldier,
A tall and handsome man,
Should it be asked, "Who'll do it?"
He always answered, "I can."

Cora was the flapper daughter,
Mr. Stem her only man,
Just what she saw in a widower,
Papa couldn't quite understand.

Mrs. Wheeler was almost useless,
Why should she be needed there?
The boss in love with the governess,
And she, his troubles would share.

Della, the Irish housemaid,
And Dinwiddie, the faithful Valet,

Complete the cast of characters,
We will now proceed with the play.

All the men of the Wheeler household,
Thought Violet had beauty untold,
And all of the Wheeler ladies,
Thought Clarence so brave and so bold.

Now such a condition in any home,
Is sure to start a row,
And this was no exception,
It had to be settled somehow.

Just what happened is plain to see,
A most real and perfect ending,
Two stranded persons alone in the world,
Each the other befriending.

Clarence's failing was beetles,
But that didn't matter just now,
He was so interested in them,
And Beetles were nice anyhow.

They told the glad news to the children,
And then to the dutiful parents,
They left for the city that morning,
And the story all ends with "Oh, Clarence."

—Colista Diehl '27.

TO THE HONEY BEE

To and fro from flower to tree,
Flies the ambitious honey bee.
He seems to be happy at his work,
And never does he appear to shirk.

As straight as a string he seems to fly;
A tiny speck between earth and sky.
He stops his work at the coming of night;
And he's at it again as soon as it's light.

—Raymond M. Wise.

A SUMMER EVENING

Oh time of peace and time of rest,
Except for rosy dawn I like thee best.
When o'er the landscape the setting sun
Its golden sheen does play,
The shadows long and the crickets song
Add to the sweet array
Of peace and rest then manifest
The most of all the day.

When the robin merrily sings his evening lay,
As if to give his blessing to the fast receding day;
And from the shrubbery or the wall
You hear the catbird softly call,

While from the sky the killdeers cry
And owls lurk in the shadows tall.
Then man and beast see from the east
The darkness swiftly fall.

—Robert E. King, B. H .S. '28.

THE REWARD OF VALOR

Early in the summer of 1794 an Indian stood on one of the rolling forest-covered hills of Southern Indiana. He was tall, straight and, although far from handsome, yet he carried himself with such dignity and grace that he appeared to be far superior to any common man, whether red or white, who might visit that frontier. Before him lay a scene the beauty of which only an Indian, or perhaps a few of those frontier scouts who loved the forest as it was, could appreciate to the fullest extent. At the foot of the hill upon which he stood, wound a river, swift of current and gleaming here and there in the last rays of the setting sun. In the distance were other hills, some quite high, others hardly noticeable but all with gradual slopes and rounded wood covered tops. The setting sun with its mellow golden light shining upon these hills made long shadows down the sides of some, while others were flooded with the warm glow upon their western slopes. The sun sank lower and the shadows lengthened, but not until the sun had entirely disappeared below the horizon did the Indian stir. He stood with his feet slightly apart, his arms folded across his breast and his head high. Again and again he looked out over the country that he loved so well. Once, as the darkness began to thicken at the foot of the hill, he turned his head and appeared to be listening. Then he scanned the slope back of him and presently as though satisfied with his observations he once more turned his gaze on the landscape to the west.

In a few minutes a young man dressed in hunter's clothes and with a long rifle in his arms, emerged from the underbrush and stepped beside the Indian. He did not speak at once but he too looked Westward. Finally he said,

"Ah, 'tis a wonderful country, is it not, Lone Wolf?"

"My young friend speaks the truth," replied the Indian in a low solemn voice, "But the home of the Indian will not remain such long. The white man has come and before his strength the Indian must go, even as the frosted leaves are driven before the winds of Autumn. The white man will strip the hills of their trees, he will clutter the rivers with his mills and kill off the game from the forests. The white man and the red man cannot live togethter in peace; the Indian must go."

"Ah, Lone Wolf, I only know how true you speak," said the young man, a little bitterly, "And yet you are fighting for the white man. Why is it that you do not join your red brothers and slay, massacre and scalp as they do?"

"They are no brothers of mine," returned the Indian with quiet dignity, "I was born far to the eastward and as far back as I can remember my tribe was always an enemy of these Indians. But when I was only a boy of five I was carried away by several white men and put in a school where I learned to talk and read a little of the white man's tongue. They thought they were doing a great thing for me, but they only ruined my life. They stole just that many years from me and caused me to lose the Chieftanship of my tribe. Deerfoot, if I ever find the paleface that took me from my father's camp, his scalp shall hang at Lone Wolf's girdle."

Early the next morning Lone Wolf and his friend, Tom Langsford, who was the young man that the Indian called Deerfoot, were paddling down the river that wound around the base of the hill where they had camped. As they

rounded a bend in the river they saw, some distance ahead of them, a young boy in a canoe going towards the rapids. They knew that it would mean death to anyone who would try to go over those rapids in a canoe.

"We must save him if we can," said Tom to the Indian. Lone Wolf nodded and accordingly they sent their boat ahead as fast as they could. As they drew nearer to the other craft, Tom called to the boy and told him of his danger. Hearing this the boy became frightened and would have been unable to bring his boat to shore had it not been for the assistance of Tom, who dexterously transferred himself from his own to the other canoe. The two boats were soon drawn up on the shore and the boy took them to their camp where they found the boy's father, Mr. Conway, and his sister, who was about a year younger than Tom. Also there was an Indian guide who looked at them sharply and soon after disappeared.

When Tom expressed his surprise at seeing a girl so far away from the fort, Mr. Conway laughed and said, "When I promised Jack that I would take him with me, Mary made me promise to bring her too. She is forever wanting to go with me on all my trips. I've never seen a girl that liked adventure and the forest as she does."

"Well," thought Tom, "It sure doesn't harm her looks any, she's the prettiest girl I've ever seen, that's sure." Aloud he said, "Mr. Conway, you are in a very dangerous place here. The Indians are armed and ready to fight as soon as the American army moves against them. Certainly none of you would be safe should you fall into their hands."

"Oh, I don't believe there is any real danger," said Mr. Conway. "Our guide told us that we were only a few hours march from the fort."

"A few hours!" exclaimed Tom, "You are at least two days of good travel from any chance of safety. Your guide was undoubtedly leading you away from the fort with the intent to kill or at least make prisoners of all of you. We must start back at once."

All that day they pushed forward through the forest. That night Tom and the Indian decided to camp in an old log cabin that had been built by some trapper. It had only three sides, the fourth side having been left open. Fearing an Indian attack, they pulled down some of the upper logs and built them up along the open side. Mr. Conway's former guide had not been seen after he had left and Lone Wolf was of the opinion that he was one of the leaders of the Indian war parties. Lone Wolf and Tom took turns at watch throughout the night, but Mr. Conway and his two children were so tired after the long day's march, that they were glad enough to sleep.

About four o'clock the next morning, Lone Wolf, who was on guard, awoke Tom and the two held a hurried consultation. The Indian had heard the startled cry of a bird suddenly aroused and the call of an owl that sounded unnatural to his keen ears.

After a few words with Tom the Indian slipped away on a scouting expedition, and Tom, with the four rifles that they had, stacked around him stood guard alone. As he looked at the dark woods he saw several forms moving about among the trees. Evidently the Indians were coming closer. Tom decided to awaken Conway and his children, rather than to have them startled awake. This he did and presently Conway appeared.

"Where is that Indian?" he asked. "I shouldn't think you would trust him after the way my guide acted."

"He has gone out to see how much danger there is," replied Tom.

"What! You let him go out?" cried Mr. Conway. "How do you know that he will not tell those Indians all about us?"

"Mr. Conway," said Tom, "have you ever heard of Lone Wolf, the educated Indian and the famous scout of General Wayne's army?"

"Yes, I certainly have."

"Well, the Indian with me is that person."

"I declare," exclaimed Mr. Conway, "Why, that's the very fellow I came out here to see. Quite a number of years ago I took an Indian boy from the woods and sent him to school. I paid a man to take care of him and see to his education. At nine he tried to run away and again at eleven, but both times he was caught and brought back. He learned easily and I believed that I could make a real educated man out of him. However, at fifteen he succeeded in getting away and I never heard of him again. I came out here to see if this Indian could be the one."

As he finished speaking Tom glanced past him and saw Lone Wolf standing in the door. Evidently he had heard every word Conway had said. His eyes were narrow and his mouth was stern. Even as Tom looked he dropped one hand on his tomahawk and the other on his knife. He was every inch a savage about to strike.

Mr. Conway followed Tom's startled glance, but failed to see his danger.

"That is him, to be sure," he said, stepping toward the Indian.

But Tom was before him. "For God's sake get back!" he cried, giving Conway a push backwards. "He'll kill you."

As Tom turned from Conway he saw crouching behind Lone Wolf another Indian, raising his tomahawk to strike. With a cry of warning to his friend he sprang upon the savage, grasping the arm that held the weapon. A brief struggle resulted, ending when Lone Wolf killed the Indian with his own tomahawk.

From the surrounding woods came a series of yells and the crack of rifles. Bullets thudded against the logs or whizzed through the air overhead. Tom, Lone Wolf and Conway returned the fire as fast as they could find anything to shoot at. In the sudden turn of events Lone Wolf had apparently forgotten about Conway. Mary and her brother came forward to help at reloading the rifles, although against Tom's protests. Thus the fight continued for nearly an hour.

For the first time in many years Tom feared the outcome of the battle. He and Lone Wolf had been in such places before, and Tom was not accustomed to worry how an encounter with the Indians might end. He had fought for his life knowing that he must win. But this time it seemed different. Not only did the fate of Mr. Conway and his son depend upon them, but also Mary. Should she be captured by the Indians—Tom felt a chill go through him. No, that should never happen as long as he lived to prevent it. It was then that he realized how much he really cared for her.

It was getting gray in the east when the Indians made a rush on the log hut. Three of them dropped as Tom and Lone Wolf rapidly fired. A fourth went down under Lone Wolf's tomahawk and Tom succeeded in knocking a fifth senseless with his gun. Five or six more, however, had almost reached the stockade when there came a rapid fire of rifles from the other side of the forest. A party of troops dashed up and the Indians vanished among the trees. The soldiers were the advance guard of General Wayne's army, which was even then marching against the Indians. They had been attracted by the firing and had arrived just in time to save Tom and his friends.

About an hour later Tom and Lone Wolf were eating breakfast by a small fire outside the log hut. As they finished Tom spoke, "Lone Wolf, will you grant me one request?" he asked.

"My young friend saved my life," replied Lone Wolf. "Speak and if the request is possible it shall be granted."

"I want you to promise not to harm Conway."

The Indian looked up surprised and with a trace of pain on his grave

face. 'It is hard to grant,'' he said in a low savage toone, ''but it shall be done. Conway shall live.''

''Lone Wolf, I thank you,'' said Tom, simply. After that Conway was not again spoken of.

* * * * * *

Several months later, after Wayne's victory over the Indians at Fallen Timbers and after Tom and Lone Wolf had returned from the army, they, together with Mary, were standing on the same hill where we first saw them. They had camped there all day and had just watched the sun go down. A full moon now lit up the scene before them. Tom and Mary both seemed to be very happy. Perhaps the main reason for this was that Mary, a few hours before, had promised to be Tom's wife.

''Think of it Mary,'' said Tom, softly, ''1,000 acres, taking in all those beautiful hills out there, all ours. I should not have accepted so much from your father, but he would have it no other way.''

''He can well afford it, Tom,'' replied Mary. ''And he knows how well you deserve it too. But Tom, dear, I love those forested hills out there and I can't bear to think of the trees being cut off and the hills left bare and ugly.''

''Oh, Mary,'' said Tom, ''the trees shall not be cut off. We shall build our home and clear about one hundred acres of it to the south of this hill. But all that out there—to the west—no, it shall remain as it is. I am glad that I got it before some of the other men did, for most of them would think only of the grain that it would grow. It doesn't seem possible that God ever intended such scenery as that to be destroyed and as long as I own the land it shall not be.''

''My friend, as usual, speaks words of wisdom,'' spoke up Lone Wolf.

''Ah, Lone Wolf, you shall never be in need of a home,'' said Tom. ''All my land shall be as much yours as it is mine.''

''Lone Wolf shall always make it his home,'' replied the Indian, simply.

''And we'll all live happily together,'' added Mary.

—Robert E. King, B. H. S. '28.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

There is no country on the face of the earth where a poor boy has the same chance to become rich or an illiterate boy to become great as he has in our land of liberty. There are many rich men among us today who began life without a penny. Some of our greatest men had very poor parents, who had to work hard to help them when they were young.

Abraham Lincoln was born into an environment of extreme poverty and illiteracy. Probably if he had been born outside the boundaries of the old United States of America, we would never have heard of him. As it was, his fame is world wide and every real American knows the history of ''Honest Abe.''

Lincoln was the poorest of the poor, almost anyone in America had a better chance for an education than he. Did his poverty bar his way to education? Did his illiterate environment bar his way to fame? Most decidedly they did not. His lack of knowledge gave him a strong incentive to learn more and the more he learned the more he hungered for knowledge.

His ancestors on his father's side of the family were certainly not an incentive to learning, because they were not definitely known beyond his grandfather, and he certainly was no source of inspiration. Lincoln's father was a lazy, shiftless type of individual who was uneducated and did not encourage education or learning in his children. He was not content to remain in one place but was always shifting about.

On the other hand Lincoln's mother was ever an inspiration to the lad. Of a delicate nature, she did not long remain in the harsh wilderness, but passed into her eternal home when the boy "Abe" was ten years old. Services were not held over her grave until a preacher happened along one year afterward to perform the ceremony. After her death she was always more or less a blur in Lincoln's mind. She helped him with his lessons whenever she could and always encouraged him to study. Lincoln, himself, said of her, "all that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

The first twenty-two years of his life were spent in the wilderness home of his father, shaping his character as he chopped rails. When he was twenty-one his father moved to Illinois on the bank of the Sangamon river. Abe helped his father become established in his new home before he sailed his ship out upon the sea of life.

By this time "Abe" was six feet four inches tall, strong as an ox, his hair stood out in all directions from his head and his face was thin and homely. Under that homely face, however, was hidden one of the most beautiful characters known to humanity. His character was like his body, strong, generous, honest and sincere. His sincerity was decorated with his ever present sense of humor.

Lincoln once said of his education, "I spent about one year in school and have not been to one since." He got most of his education by hard studying and experience.

Soon after setting out upon the sea of life, he went on two flatboat trips down the Mississippi river to New Orleans. On these trips he gained some practical knowledge and saw the institution of slavery at work.

On one of these trips he saw a slave auction and said to a companion, "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard."

After returning from the flatboat trips he became a clerk in a Salem store, but was not very successful, as he would rather be in the country and prop his head up with a roll of muslin and study grammer than to wait on customers. While in this position as clerk his honesty was revealed to a marked degree. One day a woman gave him six cents too much change for what she bought, so at night, after the store was closed, he walked five or six miles to take back her money. Another time he did not give a woman her right weight of tea, so he walked a long distance to make the correction. When the people heard of him doing such things they gave him the appellation "Honest Abe" Lincoln.

Soon after Lincoln's experiences as a grocery clerk the Black-Hawk War broke out. Lincoln volunteered but did not do anything extraordinary, except save the life of an old Indian. He said that all the battles he fought were with the mosquitoes. His consolation was that, "I killed as many Indians, as they did of me."

He was defeated when he ran for the Illinois legislature, but as he said, "that was the only time I was defeated by the people."

Later he ran for the legislature and was repeatedly elected to a chair in that body.

Probably the only known tribute of Lincoln to Washington was made on February 22, 1842, at Springfield, Illinois.

"This is the one hundred and tenth anniversary of the birth of Washington," he said. "We are met to celebrate this day. Washington is the mightiest name on earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty; still mightiest in the moral reformation. On that name an eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightess to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike, impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on."

Abe's manner of love making was as peculiar as the man himself. His changes in attitude toward the object of his devotion varied much as winter and summer—first a spell of warmth, followed by coldness. He was alternately attentive and neglectful. A more freakish lover could hardly be imagined.

A date was set for the wedding, the bride, guests and supper were waiting but no bridegroom. The next day Lincoln was found affected by a spell of deep melancholy. Miss Todd was true, however, and they were married at a later date.

It is worth noting that the Honorable Judge Stephen A. Douglas was a rival of "Abe's" for the hand of Miss Todd.

Lincoln was troubled by periods of melancholy during which he was bodily and mentally depressed and doomed to the keenest mental suffering. When the spell left him he experienced the utmost relief, but the dread of their return was constantly overhanging him. His mentality was by no wise affected by these worst of plagues, but during their prevalence he was not himself. His mind and brain were clear when he was free from these torments of the malady. The aids of the doctor were of no avail, as the ailments had to run their course. When these affected him his agony of mind was intense, and he was indifferent to everyone and everything; he wanted to be alone; darkness had an attraction for this sorely stricken man, who, unaccompanied, spent hours wandering in the blackness of night, regardless of wind, rain, snow or cold.

Lincoln was entirely untainted by our dangerous modern ambition for money. Rather was he of those who, as the great scientist Agassiz put it, have no time for that trivial aim. Lincoln's heart was set on other things, the troubles of his nation.

In the legislature Lincoln was not outstanding. He was merely a good whig, as he expressed it. He was a fair talker, decorated his talk with funny stories, and a staunch advocate of internal improvements. He introduced one slavery bill that did not succeed, and voted on many other slavery bills. Of course he always voted against the institution of slavery in each case. Whenever Lincoln said anything his hearers knew it was the truth.

When Abe was not in the legsilature he was surveying land or studying law. He became a fair lawyer, but did not make much money, for he would not take pay from poor people, and would not take a case if he thought his client was guilty and should be punished. This shows his honesty and generous spirit.

During this time Lincoln had gradually improved until he became a great speaker. He was sincere and when he spoke his eyes lighted up and his manner become fiery. His audiences were held spellbound by his eloquent manner of delivery.

In 1846 he became one of the law makers of the entire country. Lincoln was known throughout the nation, and he began to express his idea of slavery in his speeches. He said that owners of slaves should not take them into new States or territories.

In 1858 the great Lincoln-Douglas debates occurred which had no little effect on Lincoln's place in the election of 1860. In these speeches he expressed his political views and also drew out those of Douglas to that gentleman's great discomfort. Lincoln had a broadminded, shrewd type of debate that made an opponent feel very uncomfortable. Lincoln had a habit of facing squarely the issue and thinking through to definite and correct conclusions.

In eighteen hundred and sixty the Democratic party split into Northern and Southern factions, while the Republican party stood firm. Douglas was

the Northern Democratic nominee, Breckenridge the Southern and Lincoln was the Republican candidate. The result was naturally that Lincoln was elected.

Shortly after Lincoln took the oath of office some of the leading politicians wanted to domineer him by telling him how to run the government. Promptly he gave them to understand that he was chosen by the people to sail the ship of state and he proposed doing so.

During the war he was ever kind, gentle, generous, courageous and honest. Many peculiar requests were brought to him which he dealt with in various ways. His sense of humor was often manifested in his decisions.

A congressman, who heard that a friend of his in the army had been court-martialed and sentenced to be shot, failing to move Secretary Stanton to grant a pardon, rushed to the White House late at night.

The president had retired. He forced his way to the president's bedroom and earnestly besought his interference, exclaiming, earnestly: "This man must not be shot, Mr. Lincoln, I can not allow him to be shot!"

"Well," said the president in reply, "I do not believe shooting will do him any good. Give me that pen." And so the pardon was granted.

President Lincoln received the following letter from an indignant private:

"Dear President: I have been in the service eighteen months, and I have never received a cent. I desire a furlough for fifteen days, in order to return home and remove my family to the poorhouse."

The president granted the furlough.

During the war the slaves were freed and given the right to vote. The war ended when Lee surrendered at Appomatox Court House in 1865. Lincoln was elected to serve a second term of office.

Probably the two best speeches of Lincoln's are his Gettysburg Address and his second Inaugural Address which contains the famous paragraph so characteristic of Mr. Lincoln:

"With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right; let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have bourne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Shortly after he embarked on his second voyage in the Ship of State he fell by an assassin's bullet in Ford's Theatre, in April, 1865.

Whitman was the voice of the nation when he wrote:

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer me, his lips are pale and still,
My Father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, it's voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck: my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

Garfield said on the death of Lincoln:

"Ah, sir, there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the breathings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed. When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyred president to the company of dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men. Awe-stricken by his voice, the American people knelt in tearful reverence and made a solemn covenant with God and each other that this nation should be saved from its enemies; that all its glories should be restored."

—Walter Fisher.

SOL BLOCKER'S AUTOMOBILE

In a small village located in the hilly country of Southern Indiana, where a train stopped once a week and the squirrels thrived because of the generous supply of nuts which nature had put at their command.

Here among these humble surroundings lived a young man by the name of Sol Blocker, who was thought of by his fellow country folks as an inventor and a rival of Edison. Sol had invented a few things in his time which were of no use to humanity but, nevertheless, Sol was thought of as a broadminded man. In fact it was said that his mind was as broad as the length of the railroad track which crosses the outermost section of the village.

Sol had been in love several times, but had never found one of the other sex who thought that they should like to be an inventor's wife. "It has been said that a man who is a lion with the ladies is always a lamb when it comes to bucking up against the industrial world." By no means did Sol want to be a lamb, so he decided to forget the ladies for awhile. This state of circumstance lasted about two weeks, then Sol found himself madly in love with a pretty country lass by the name of Mary White. Mary did not as yet know of her entanglement and Sol could not come to a conclusion as to how he should break the news to her. Sol being a bashful chap and a great lover but not much on the Romeo style decided the best way to gain Mary's attention would be to invent something and proclaim himself a great man.

One evening while Sol was looking through the Saturday Evening Post he saw an advertisement of an automobile which was quite a crude affair compared to the present day machine. At once he decided to build an automibile and ask Mary to go riding with him.

The next day Sol proceeded with his plans and invention. He took his father's best rubber-tired buggy and fixed a steering device on it. He then bought a gasoline engine and installed it in the buggy. Sol worked and toiled for many days, but now at last he had his invention finished. To Sol it was a very beautiful piece of machinery, but to the bystander it looked as if it were a collection of several second hand stores. He then proceeded to start with a jump and run over a flock of chickens, just missed the straw stack, nicked the corner of the barn and headed for the clover field. Sol then gained control of his machine and steered into the road. He had no sooner gotten it there when it picked up speed jumped the ditch, knocked over a rod of rail fence, hit a cow and then came in contact with a large oak tree. Sol crawled out of a jumble of buggy wheels and broken machinery and declared that he had completely forgotten to put a brake on the thing and if he ever had the desire for another automobile he would buy one and be sure that Mary would be safe if she rode with him.

—Roy Baumgardner.

ADVICE TO JUNIORS

Considering the fact that the Junior Class of Butler High School seems rather disorderly and unmannerly at times and on certain occasions displays improper conduct, we, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven, feel it our duty to transfer to the said class a few words of practical advice.

We sincerely hope it will be received in the same spirit in which it is given.

As a class you should not have your Senior class meetings after school or during study periods, but rather in English and Economics classes which will consume the time of recitation. You should not visit in the halls, slide on the banister or use the halls for a skating rink. It should be borne in mind that writing notes, whispering, chewing gum and an inattentive attitude seldom betters the deportment grade.

Follow the example of the seniors of twenty-seven and always be in your seat at least one minute before bell time.

Now a Bit of Advice to Individuals

John Campbell should write his love letters some period other than the eighth. Vara Fifer should bob her hair. Frank Parker should be careful while playing basketball not to use his toe for a crowbar. Marcelle Smith should challenge the champion speed gum chewer of the world to a match. Paul Oberlin should learn some new tunes for his whistle. Urcyl Dever should raise side burns. Velda Huntington should not keep such late hours. John Haverstock should grow a little over the summer vacation in order to keep from being classed as a Freshman. Virginia Stone should not visit at Napoleon every week end. Bob Cather should be careful not to leave town without a good supply of gasoline. Donna Higley should get a bevel bob. Romaine Campbell should do the photography work for next year's annual. Gertrude Rosenberry should learn to control her temper. Bob King should not be so bashful. Bob Hablawetz should raise a mustache. Waneta Casebere should locate in a city more nearly the size of her home town. Raymond Wise should slide rather than roll in his Ford. Paul Kissinger should give his avoirdupois to Donna Higley. Wanda McClellan should celebrate May day and find it the happiest day of the year. Harold Milliman should spend more time on his studies rather than writing letters to that certain party. Loren Spake should keep his mind on his studies rather than casting wild eyes across the assembly. Bessie Mae Snyder should not study so hard on Sunday evenings. Bob Poffenberger should select a pair of short trousers and prepare himself to enter high school with the class of '31. Roy Bumgardner should learn to control his feet. Lucile Hammon should use discretion in making her dates. Drayton Loomis should begin limbering his arm up so that he may fill the box in place of pitcher Tyson '27. Ruth Noragon should keep her mind off the boys. Russel Grogg should establish a regular milk route in B. H. S. And Harold Ash should adopt a plan to keep his Senior friend in B. H. S. another year. "We recommend a Post Graduate Course." —Pres. Teutsch '27.

Yeah?

Sure

L.W.H.

Really you know ol' deah I've changed considerably since some time ago.

Lucile

Fifteenth Ditto

L.V.B.

Since then lifes been one grand dream.

Member
Earl Crowley!

On vacation.

The Ruler of '27

Colistie

"Ship Ahoy"

Padlocked!

The Old standbys

"Chums"

Why?
A.M.E.
20th Lib
Ah

"Manager"

Going for a ride.

Lohlah

Day by Day

SEPTEMBER

7. Bang! School begins with four new teachers and numerous green Freshmen.
8. Classes start. Watch Freshmen get wrong classroom.
9. Few Freshmen boys get a hair cut.
10. First week ends with only four absences.
13. Organization of classes. Jerald elected president of Senior class.
14. The school roll was called and each was assigned coat racks.
15. Hurrah! What's going to happen? We get out for fair Sept. 24.
16. First fire drill. Oh, how slow!
17. First baseball game. B. H. S. 8; Spencerville 3.
20. Oh! what a time no teacher.
21. Butler beats Ashley 2 to 1. What a Grand and Glorious Feelin'.
22. First chapel. Mr. Marks gave an interesting talk on school spirit.
23. Some students stayed at home on account of rain.
24. No school. Fair.
27. Athletic officers elected from student body. Walter Fisher is president.
28. Game called off on account of rain.
29. Chapel. Rev. Trinkle and Mr. Wooden give talks.
30. Jerald spanks Miss Greatbatch by mistake.

OCTOBER

1. We hear from station F A C U L T Y. They say they're going to beat the High School in baseball game. Let's see.
4. Seniors busy practicing on "Clarence."
5. Orchestra tries some new pieces. Thank goodness, we won't have to listen to the old ones for awhile at least.
6. Chapel. Mr. Martin from the Mac Millian company talks.
7. We won! F A C U L T Y—0; H. S.—3. Har! Har!
8. Edgerton 3; B. H. S. 4.
11. Paul Kissinger likes to play, especially the eighth period. Babies must play.
12. Edgerton 3; Butler 0; Cheer up, boys.
13. Senior cast skip spelling to practice on Clarence. First of the Lyceum numbers.
14. Start work on Tropaeum.
15. Ashley 5; B. H. S. 12. Not so bad.
18. Blue Monday.
19. Teachers' Institute at Indianapolis and we get a two day vacation.
25. Snow. Where are my boots?
26. Ghost and witch visit Camp Fire Party.
27. First basketball practice.
28. Fire Drill. **Do not** sharpen pencils during fifth period.
29. Freshmen class meeting.

NOVEMBER

1. Mr. Moore married and everyone excited.
3. Chapel. Four new members taken in Hi-Y. Mr. Marks is our new song leader.
4. Decided to have Senior play the 12th. So soon?
8. Seniors decide on where to have pictures taken.
9. Practice and more practice on "Clarence."

OH RED !!

A Human Pyramid

Laugh it off

The Gang!

Shine

Me And My Racket

3 of a kind

Ass't Prin.

10. Sing war songs this morning in chapel.
11. Armistice Day. Everyone silent at eleven o'clock.
12. Hurrah! "Clarence" a success.
15. Blue Triangle meeting. Receive pictures of play cast.
16. Pep session. New yell leaders are doing fine.
17. Explosion in lab.
18. More pep. New yells.
19. Paul Kissinger broke his seat and Harriet Fitch meets the floor. Butler plays South Milford. Score 42 to 29 in favor of South Milford.
20. Juniors decide on "Safety First" as play.
23. Miss Cline is director of Physical Culture class.
24. All teachers in good humor today, for they are going home for Thanksgiving. Angola beats Butler 59 to 9.
25. Two-day VACATION. Butler beats Fremont 24 to 23.
30. Blue Triangle meeting. Lunch room starts. Four boys are learning to cook and wash dishes.

DECEMBER

2. We have the best lunch room there ever was.
3. We won! Auburn 27; Butler 29. What's going to happen?
6. Snaps taken of Senior play cast.
7. The Seniors ought to know the dictionary by the spelling lessons given in English IV.
8. Still busy taking snaps.
9. Pictures taken at Studio for Tropaeum.
10. More pictures. Butler 26; Garrett 36.
13. Everyone has to go to a meeting.
14. Don't laugh, chew gum or eat candy in assembly after first bell has rung. Oh! dear, what will some of us do?
15. Chapel. Rev. Hubartt talks and Mr. McGrew sang. Lyceum number.
16. Fire Drill. Oh, how chilly it was! Pictures taken of lunch room and Chemistry lab.
17. Senior party tonight at Flo's. Let's go.
18. Basketball game. Butler 26; Ashley 32.
20. Blue Triangle decides to send Christmas baskets to needy families.
21. Picture show at school house—"Courtship of Miles Standish."
22. Last chapel of 1926.
23. No more school this year. Game, Edgerton 32; Butler 42. Seniors, only five more months.
31. Waterloo 17; Butler 35.

JANUARY

3. No one wants to work after vacation.
4. Juniors are deciding on class rings.
5. Intelligence tests. We learn how intelligent we are.
6. Senior meeting.
7. Snapshots of basketball boys were taken. Oh! how the pictures flatter them. Butler beats Fremont 27 to 23.
8. Butler 29; Pleasant Lake 22.
10. Again the Juniors are debating over their class rings. Hi-Y meeting.
11. Students, obey rules, for the ninth period will "get ye if you don't watch out.
12. Everyone is "broke" after Christmas so why ask them to deposit money in a savings account.
13. Unlucky. Snowed all day.

Who is he? "um-uh"

Happy Goldie?

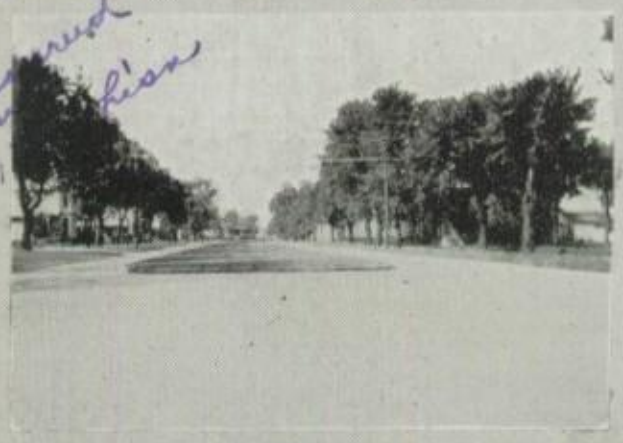
"Preach"

"Pitty" the Food

Bring ON the EATS

"Shelly"

Totten
signed
Me, myself and I.



"Peaches"

"Smitty"

14. One more day until "Judgment Day."
15. Game. Montpelier 17; Butler 14.
17. EXAMS! All Week!!
22. Another game. Butler 17; Edgerton 11.
24. Second semester starts.
25. "The Vicar of Wakefield" shown in B. H. S. Auditorium.
26. Chapel. Rev. Parker talks.
27. Nothin' happened.
28. B. H. S. is inventing a new speller.
29. Tourney. Butler 40; St. Joe 12. Auburn 16; Butler 12.
31. Penmanship is being taught on Thursdays and Fridays by Miss Smith. We surely need it.

FEBRUARY

1. Hi-Y and Blue Triangle meetings.
2. Chapel. Dr. Shumaker talks.
3. Antonian Literary Society gives program. Ora Blaker entertained us on piano.
4. John Campbell and Ernie Hiatt like to scrap with a ruler. Butler 55; Ashley 22.
7. If you want anyone to help cook and wash dishes call on the lunch room students of B. H. S.
8. We are slowly improving in spelling.
9. Blue Triangle girls give a large basket of eatables to Mrs. Coll.
10. Moving pictures were taken of the classes in action.
11. "Fisher" receives medal for Lincoln essay. Mr. Rowe talks to us in chapel. Wolff Lake beats Butler 46 to 31.
12. Waterloo 19; Butler 23.
14. Start selling campaign for Tropaeum.
15. Slowly progressing in writing.
16. Third Lyceum number of seasen. G. E. Weaver, cartoonist.
17. Faculty banquet tonight.
18. B. H. S. vs. Kendallville. Let's follow the team. Kendallville 51; Butler 28.
21. Seniors must get their lessons.
22. "Birth of a Race" tonight at the gym. Also the pictures taken of classes will be shown on screen.
23. Chapel 5th period. Mr. Marks talks on "Why Study History."
24. In Civics IV Anson Smith says that there are "immortal women."
25. Butler 37; St. Joe 23.
26. 'nother game, Butler 39; South Milford 16.
28. Science club meets for first time. Otis Kline president.

MARCH

1. Basketball boys go to Auburn to practice on their floor so they can win the "tourney."
2. Rev. Trinkle talks in chapel the seventh period.
3. If you get hungry come down to meal planning class seventth and eighth periods.
4. Out for tourney. Butler 20; Waterloo 36.
7. Inter-class "tourney." Sophs and Seniors are victors.
8. A new spelling lesson today. Seniors win "tourney."
9. If you want gossip visit our Art class.
10. Get our grade cards.
11. Chapel 8th period. Local literary contest held today.

12. Saturday. School today.
13. Last, but not least, of the Lyceum numbers.
15. Home Economics class three and four entertain Mr. Wooden and Mr. Warring.
16. Miss Chapman talks in chapel seventh period on "Why Study Home Economics" and Mr. Moore on "Why study Agriculture."
17. Helen Hanna takes Mowitza Hood's place for the District Contest.
18. Hurrah! we won the oration and discussion at St. Joe.
21. We see slides on "Elizabethan Age in Literature" today.
22. Mr. Williams, a noted scientist, performs several interesting experiments here tonight.
30. Entertained in chapel by Ora Blaker and Kathryn Smith.
31. Lunch room closes tomorrow.

APRIL

1. April Fool! Everyone fooled.
4. Seniors order invitations.
5. Mr. Mills of Purdue talks to the assembly.
6. Mr. Snell, State Hi-Y Director, talks to us in chapel.
7. Piano tuner in gym. Can't study.
8. Juniors present "Safety First."
11. Visitors today.
12. Norman Norris watched the clock so much it stopped.
13. Blue Triangle gives "Mother's and Daughter's" Banquet tonight.
14. B. H. S. was well represented at the Evangelistic services held by Mrs. Martz.
15. Wade Newcombe visits B. H. S.
18. Blue Triangle meeting again.
19. Meeting of boys in gym.
20. No chapel.
21. Oh, murder! but the Assembly room is cold.
22. Tropaeum goes to press.
25. Care of baby teeth and first three molars, by Dr. Fox and Mr. Bright, of State Board of Health.
26. Pre-school Nutrition and Home Hygiene by Dr. Shumaker and Miss Sweeney, county nurse.
27. Communicable Diseases by Drs. Fox and Casperson.
28. Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and First Aid by Drs. Klinger and Symon of Garrett.
29. School exhibit. Disappointment because Movie failed to arrive.

MAY

2. Clean up! The exhibit is over!
3. Baseball game. Butler vs. Waterloo. We won 25-0.
4. Last Hi-Y meeting of this year. Everyone must be present.
5. Miss Greatbatch gave a speech on School Spirit.
6. Mr. Wooden talked on school spirit. Baseball game with Angola. Did we win? Well, I guess. And how! Junior-Senior Banquet.
10. Butler vs. Angola.
13. Butler vs. Auburn.
18. Senior Picnic at Hamilton Lake.
22. Baccalaureate Sermon.
24. Class Day.
26. Commencement.
27. Alumni Banquet.

The Butler Alumni Association

The officers of the Alumni Association are:

President ..... James Diehl
Vice-President ..... Bruce Blair
Secretary ..... Clyde Blaker
Treasurer ..... John Brown

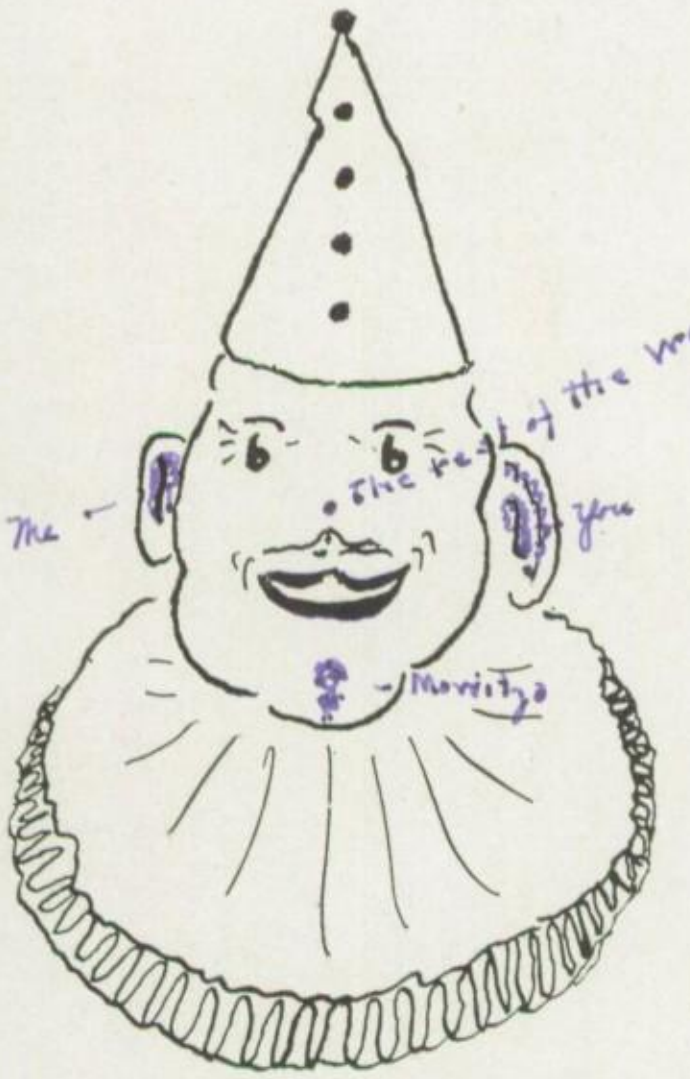
Due to the fact that the list of graduates grows so much larger each year and it would be impossible to find the correct address of each one, it was decided this year to reduce the Alumni directory to the last few classes that have graduated from Butler. For convenience and not for any special preference, 1920 was suggested as the year to begin the record of the Alumni of our school. We are hoping that no one will feel slighted because they were not included as there was no doubt that it would be necessary to resort to this plan at some time in the near future.

Name	Occupation	Address
	1920	
Helen Smurr Kandel	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Emma Brown	Saleswoman	Auburn, Ind.
Ruth Fee Glawe	Clerk	Chicago, Ill.
Ralph Campbell	Employee Box Co.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Louise Willock	Teacher at Cincinnati, O.	Cincinnati, O.
Otis Fisher	Bank Employee	Butler, Ind.
Elizabeth Mondhank	Bookkeeper	Cincinnati, O.
Loren Jennings	School at Bloomington	Bloomington, Ind.
Marjorie Waterman Mutzfeld	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Hubert Doud	Jeweler	Des Logue, Mo.
Ralph Mutzfeld	Hardware Dealer	Butler, Ind.
Ora Blaker	Ass't Supt. Asphalt Paving Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
Hazel Dohner	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Edson Klinkel	Employee of Toledo Overland Plant	Toledo, O.
Gilbert Boyd	Farmer	Moores, Ind.
Leland Alwood	Stenographer	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lelah Alwood Campbell	Housewife	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Madge McClellan Johnston	Housewife	LaGrange, Ind.
Clara Panhysen	Home	Butler, Ind.
Violet Lautzenhiser Farnham	Housewife	Moores, Ind.
Miriam Bryant Souders	Housewife	Garrett, Ind.
Mildred Arford Coll	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Dorothy Haverstock Krontz	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Kermit Oberlin	School at Wittenberg	Butler, Ind.
Anna Ball	Office work in G. E.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
	1921	
Marcel Swift	Accountant	Chicago, Ill.
Thelma Sturgis Snyder	Housewife	Cincinnati, O.
Glenn McClellan	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind.
Erma Horn Krontz	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Ralph Kepler	School in Detroit	Detroit, Mich.
Opal Shumaker	Clerk	Butler, Ind.
Waldo Anthony	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Louise Mason Trittipo	Housewife	Goshen, Ind.
Veda Zentz	Clerk	Elkhart, Ind.

Name	Occupation	Address
Bruce Blair	Lineman	Butler, Ind.
Bessie Jennings McCollough	Housewife	Elkhart, Ind.
Gladys Cook Shultz	Housewife	LaGrange, Ind.
Clare Jennings	Factory Employee	Elkhart, Ind.
Atlanta Showalter Kessler	Housewife	Moores, Ind.
Laura Smith	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Ralph Shultz	Linotype Operator	LaGrange, Ind.
Helen Harding Sicard	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Ileta Kline Dull	Housewife	Waterloo, Ind.
Lorris Hollinger	Yellow Cab Employee	Toledo, O.
Dorothy Blaker Badman	Housewife	Toledo, O.
John Brown	Post Office Employee	Butler, Ind.
Mildred Oberlin	Deceased	
Francena Lowe	Home	Butler, Ind.
Roy Hankey	Analytical & Research Laboratory	Butler, Ind.
De Sewell	Bell Telephone Lineman	Gary, Ind.
Nancy Bryant Houck	Housewife	Florida
	1922	
Dorothy Tyson Learned	Housewife	Hamilton, Ind.
Loren Steckley	Farmer	Butler, Ind.
Troas Chubb Carpenter	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Marjorie Graf Underhill	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Leo Shumaker	Bell Telephone	Indianapolis, Ind.
Bessie Phelps Overholt	Home	Butler, Ind.
Reba Woods	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Elmon Vernier	Athletic Director	Saginaw, Mich.
Doris Jennings	Nurse	Elkhart, Ind.
Deborah Showalter	Nurse	Elkhart, Ind.
Virgil Hathaway	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Elenora Kuss Cook	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Sarah Maxwell Moore	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Fred Tomlinson	Railroad Employee	Garrett, Ind.
Lorna Johnson Gahegan	Housewife	Detroit, Mich.
Clark Platt	Teacher	Auburn, Ind.
Louise Brown Claiborne	Linotype Operator	Butler, Ind.
Ruth Capp Stonebreaker	Housewife	Kendallville, Ind.
Earl Mullett	Farmer	Butler, Ind.
Henrietta Packer	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Dorotha Aldrich Snyder	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Gerald Anthony	Employee of G. E.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Ruth Eakright	Student at Bloomington	Bloomington, Ind.
Naomi Lawson	Follies	New York City, N. Y.
	1923	
Wayne Hendricks	Employee in G. E.	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Laura Stroh	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Jesse Raney	Telegraph Operator	Goshen, Ind.
Thelma Ames Carpenter	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Beulah Spake Billings	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Richard Dannels	Light & Power Company	Battlecreek, Mich.
Zona Smith Jennings	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Albert Hiatt	Mgr. Kroger Store	Columbia City, Ind.
Dorothy Campbell Humbarger	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Arlo Wyncoop	Home	Butler, Ind.

Name	Occupation	Address
Donna Dannels Raney	Bookkeeper	Goshen, Ind.
Maurice Wiley	School at Purdue	Lafayette, Ind.
Grayce Keller West	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Clark Gould	Home	Butler, Ind.
Mable Steckley	Home	Butler, Ind.
Wilda Diehl McCollough	Housewife	Auburn, Ind.
Lester Copeland	School at Angola	Angola, Ind.
George Ocker	Wiley's Farm	Butler, Ind.
Hilda Searfoss	Home	Butler, Ind.
Carl F. Kaiser	Salesman	Butler, Ind.
Willis Snyder	Employee Std. Oil Station	Toledo, O.
	1924	
Kathryn Gehring	Office Girl in B. H. S.	Butler, Ind.
James Cather	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Margaret Kuss	Bookkeeper	Hammond, Ind.
Ivol McClellan	Teacher	Hamilton, Ind.
Loren Teutsch	Student at Angola	Angola, Ind.
Arthur Jenks	R. R. Employee	Butler ,Ind.
Dorothy Ocker	Home	Butler, Ind.
Mary Carpenter	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Earl McDonald	School at Depauw	Greencastle, Ind.
Russel Miller	Farmer	Edgerton, O.
Henry Funk	N. Y. C. Clerk	Butler, Ind.
Robert Rudd	Employee in Auburn Auto Sales	Auburn, Ind.
Kathryn Cather Zimmer	Housewife	Angola, Ind.
Dorothy Haverstock	Employee in Edison Light Plant	Detroit, Mich.
Sarabel Capp Mullett	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Ruth Haverstock	Teacher	Butler, Ind.
Gaylord Mullett	Farmer	Butler, Ind.
Queen Blair	Student at Muncie State Normal	Muncie, Ind.
Adelle Oberlin	Telephone Operator	Butler, Ind.
Paul Wagner	Farmer	Butler, Ind.
	1925	
Howard Funk	Home	Butler, Ind.
Dorothy Snyder	Ft. Wayne Business College,	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
John Poffenberger	School at Muncie State Normal	Muncie, Ind.
Isabelle Madden	Home	Butler, Ind.
Albert Wideman	Employee of City Gas Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Josephine Signs Snyder	Housewife	Wauseon, O.
Clyde Rosenberry	Car Conductor	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lillian Hiatt	Stenog. United Forwarding Co.	So. Bend, Ind.
Laurence Blaker	Employee of Bowser Foundry	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Janet Graham	Nurse at Ft. Wayne	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Clayton Loomis	Employee Gifford Hotel	Waterloo, Ind.
Faye Haverstock	Stenographer Edison Light Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Roy Teutsch	School at Angola	Angola, Ind.
Flavia Anthony	Home	Butler, Ind.
Huber Knisely	Salesman	Butler, Ind.
Helen Staley	Stenographer Higley Printing Co.	Butler, Ind.
Frederick Gengnagel	Home	Butler, Ind.
Elizabeth Bryan	Clerk at Geddes Drug Store	Butler, Ind.
Lehr Heminway	Home	Melbourne, O.
Helen Oberlin Silberg	Housewife	Butler, Ind.

Name	Occupation	Address
	1926	
Wade Newcombe	School at DePauw	Greencastle, Ind.
Mary Wood	Home	Butler, Ind.
Kathryn Smith	School I. C. of Indianapolis	Indianapolis, Ind.
Walter Rank	Home	Butler, Ind.
William Miller	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Dorothy Dohner	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Floy Ulm	School at Muncie State Normal	Muncie, Ind.
Ralph Snyder	Home	Butler, Ind.
Edwin Keep	Anthony Wayne Institute	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Oma Kline Jennings	Housewife	Butler, Ind.
Bernice Griffin	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Norman Keller	Employee Auburn A. A. C.	Auburn, Ind.
Harold Powell	Home	Butler, Ind.
Shirley Diehl	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Lewis Kissinger	Home	Butler, Ind.
Margaret Ames	Clerk Eldens' Store	Butler, Ind.
Paul Mutzfeld	Employee of T. E. Co.	Butler, Ind.
Irene Gunsenhouser	Nurse Hospital Sanders	Auburn, Ind.
Mary Hablawetz	School at Muncie State Normal,	Muncie, Ind.
Kenneth Jennings	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
S. J. Aldrich	Student at Purdue	Lafayette, Ind.
Lester Hubartt	Ft. Wayne Business College	Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Margaret Lowe	Anthony Wayne Institute	Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Humor

TRI-STATE COLLEGE
OF ENGINEERING

ANGOLA, INDIANA

Tri-State College of Engineering offers courses in Civil, Electrical, Mechanical and Chemical Engineering which can be completed in ninety-six weeks by anyone who has a fair knowledge of Elementary Mathematics and Physics. These courses lead to a diploma and degree in Engineering. They are planned especially for persons who cannot spend a long time in a high-priced school. The aim of the College is to provide thorough instruction in Mathematics, Science, and the fundamental technical subjects.

TRI-STATE COLLEGE

Tri-State College is a STANDARD NORMAL SCHOOL, accredited by the State of Indiana for courses for the preparation of Primary, Intermediate-Grammar Grade and Rural School teachers and for teachers of Music, in the Public Schools of the state. These courses lead to a life license.

Tri-State College offers excellent courses in MUSIC, in LAW, and in COMMERCIAL WORK.

For Further Information, write to

PRESIDENT E. D. LONG

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AND

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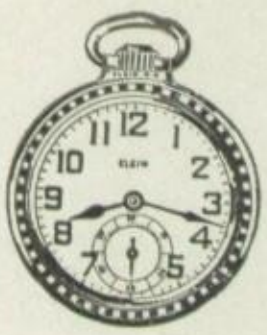
GIFTS for BOYS *GIFTS for GIRLS*

Jewelry has always been regarded as a token of love.

Down through the ages people have loved and they have considered love precious.

Because love is precious and because jewels are precious, the sentiment of love for gift occasions naturally directs everyone to their jewelry dealer. The great variety and selectivity of our line together with the innovation our store provides makes gift buying a pleasure. . . . . . .

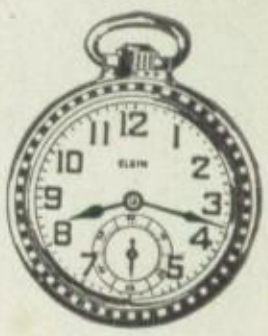
MAKE your GIFTS *GIFTS that LAST*



JAMES G. DIEHL

JEWELER

EAST - SIDE - BROADWAY



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FLOUR - FEED - COAL

BUTLER, - - - INDIANA

Speaking of Photographs

The Dainty Miniature or

THE LARGE IMPOSING HEAD

The Cunning Baby Smile or

That Severe Business Expression

The Lone Sitter or

The Family or Class Group

All alike are given our sincerest effort and the enthusiastic co-operation of our clever staff of co-workers.

JONES

AUBURN, INDIANA

C. A. Douglas Co.

Shoes, Hosiery, Furnishings, and
Made-to-Measure Clothing.

Opposite Hotel Butler

Phone 280 BUTLER, INDIANA

SENIOR'S FAVORITE SONGS

"I Love To Call You My Sweetheart"—Norman Norris.

"Oh! Harold!"—Florence Maggert.

"I Can't Get Over a Girl Like You Lovin' a Boy Like Me"—Raymond Snyder.

"Smilin' Thru"—Herbert Tyson.

"Show Me the Way To Go Home"—Ferda Hample.

"That Certain Party"—Jerald Teutsch.

"My Sweetie's Due at Two to Two"—Helen Bryan.

"It Made You Happy"—Otis Kline.

"Where'd you get Those Eyes"—Walter Fisher.

"Could I? I Certainly Could"—Ernest Hiatt.

"Baby Face"—Kenneth Holman.

"Where d'ya Work a'—John"—Delbert Jenks.

"Mary Lou"—Mary Kandel.

"Oh, I Never See Maggie Alone"—Harold Slentz.

"For It's Nesting Time"—Colista Diehl.

"Gotta Get a Girl"—Anson Smith.

"The Little Church Around the Corner"—Pauline Hubartt.

"I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover"—Helen Alwood.

"What'll I do"—Helen Wagner.

"Oh! Ain't She Sweet"—Frances Miller.

"What Does It Matter"—Ralph Stuller.

"I Gotta Get Myself Somebody to Love"—Martin Leason.

"Louisville Lou"—Harriet Fitch.

"Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight?"—Lester Snyder.

"There's a Little White House on a Green Hill"—Gail Wynkoop.

"Thanks For the Buggy Ride"—Gertrude Bordner.

Dr. Ralph S. Fox

DENTIST

Over Knisely Bank

Phone 52 Butler, Ind.

JOKES

Two's a company, the third's a chaperon.

Joe: "What's the idea, Bill, wearing your socks wrong side out?"

Bill: "There's a hole in the other side."

Dumb: "Do you like codfish balls?"

Bell: "I dunno, I never attended any."

Ed: "What is a pessimist?"

Fred: "I'll bite."

Ed: "A man who won't milk a cow because he's afraid the milk's already sour."

Hard: "Black boy, how did yo' all get that soot on youah coat?"

Guy: "That ain't soot, Carbona, that's dandruff."

JOKES

Teacher: "If there are any dumbbells in this room please stand up?" A pause, then finally Johnny stood up. "What, Johnny, do you consider yourself a dumbell?"

Johnny: "Well, not exactly that, teacher, but I hate to see you standing alone."

Father: That son of mine is the dumbest boy I ever saw.

Friend: How come?

Father: I sent him to put water in the car and when I went out I found a bucket of water in the back seat.

Milk Customer: "How does it come that there is never any cream on top of your milk?"

Milkman: "Well, you see, we fill our bottles so full that there's no room left for cream."

Weak and Tired Eyes Successfully Relieved

Earl E. Frisbie

OPTICIAN CHIROPRACTOR

JOKES

Old Gentleman: "Air you the fresh young feller what sold me this stuff yesterday and said it was tooth paste?"

Dentist: "Yes, sir."

Old Gentleman: "Well, I tried fer half an hour this morning and I'll be derned if it would make my teeth stick in."

Bride: "I want a pound of mince-meat. Please take it from a nice young mince."

A restaurant manager advertised for an expert carver. To the first applicant for the job he said, "What are your qualifications?"

"Well, sir," the man replied, "At my last place I cut the meat so thin that when the door opened to let other customers in the draft blew the meat off the plates." He got the job.

Say It With Flowers

Tombow Floral Co.

Phone 68

WM. MUTZFELD & SONS

HARDWARE

Phone 249

BUTLER, - - INDIANA

JOKES

DISPASSIONATE CRITICISM

Lady (more or less): "Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

Another little boy: "Yes'm, he sure do. He don't put no expression in it at all."

She: "Did you ever wear two-pants suits?"

He: "No, they're too hot."

Caller: "Won't you walk with me as far as the trolley, Tommy?"

Tommy (aged seven): "I can't."

Caller: "Why not?"

Tommy: "'Cos we're going to have dinner as soon as you go."

Fair One (to tourist who is shaving outside of his tent): "Do you always shave outside?"

Tourist: "Certainly, do you think I'm fur-lined?"

TESS & WHITE

COMPLETE MEN'S WEAR

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES

FLORSHEIM SHOES

BRADLEY SWEATERS

WILSON BROS. SHIRTS

INTERWOVEN SOCKS

EMERSON HATS

STEPHENSON UNDERWEAR

Assure yourself of correct styling, certain satisfaction, and a real pride in possession by buying standard, known men's wear from a reputable store.

BUTLER, INDIANA

DR. E. POFFENBERGER

—

DENTIST

—

MISS ROOKE, Assistant

Butler, Indiana

JOKES

Captain: "What are you scratching your hair for, Rastus?"

Colored Private: "Aw, sah, I got de 'rithmetic bugs in my head, suh."

Captain: "What are arithmetic bugs?"

Colored Private: "Dat's cooties."

Captain: "What do they have to do with arithmetic?"

Colored Private: "Well, suh, dey add to mah misery, dey subtract from mah pleasure, dey divide my attention and dey multiply like everything."

—

"I went up to the lake for a rest during the vacation and I met the most wonderful girl in the world."

"And then what?"

"Well, you can imagine the rest."

D. Webster Smith

UP-TO-DATE ARTIST AND PHOTOGRAPHER

When a person sits for his or her picture to this gentleman it is not to the amateur, but to the master and the artist.

Photos in this Annual by

D. WEBSTER SMITH

BUTLER - - - - - - - - - - INDIANA

Kodak developing and printing a specialty.

Business Needs You

COURSES:

Accounting
Business Law
Business Administration
Income Tax
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Salesmanship
Advertising
Stenography
Typewriting
Office Training
Secretarial Studies
Filing and
Office Systematizing
Business English
Sales-letter Writing

For the well-equipped, promotion is rapid, financial rewards certain, the day's work full of the thrill and stimulation of worth-while accomplishment.

Anthony Wayne Institute is a college of commerce that equips you for a business life. It will send you out thoroughly trained and ready for the responsibilities business is eager to place upon your shoulders. It enrolls only those who have a high school education or who can meet college entrance requirements.

Extension and Resident Schools

Summer term opens Mon., June 6
Fall term opens Tues., Sept. 6

Address:
J. R. ZIMMERMAN, President

ANTHONY WAYNE INSTITUTE
COLLEGE OF COMMERCE

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

JOKES

CAN YOU IMAGINE—

Helen Bryan at school on Monday?

Gertrude Bordner as a tight rope walker?

Helen Alwood as a campus flirt?

Roy Baumgardner as an orator?

Colista Diehl as an old maid?

Walter Fisher without his hat (Derby)?

Ferda Hample as a woman hater?

Ernest Hiatt as a minister?

Kenneth Holman as a shiek?

Pauline without Howard?

Delbert Jenks having a girl?

Otis Kline with straight hair?

Mary Kandel as a school teacher?

Martin Leason as an actor?

Florence Maggert as a wash-woman?

Frances Miller as a sheba?

Norman Norris without a date?

Harold Slentz without Gertrude?

Anson Smith as a midget?

Lester Snyder as a Spanish Bull Fighter?

Raymond Snyder keeping the same girl two weeks?

Ralph Stuller as a strong man from Borneo?

Jerald Teutsch without a blue shirt?

Herbert Tyson as lover of the opposite sex?

Helen Wagner as an opera singer?

Gail Wynkoop with a fellow?

Harriet Fitch coming home early?

Clarence Zentz having his English?

First Negro Gent: "Boy, you is so thin you could close one eye and pass for a needle.

Second Negro Gent: "Don't talk, big boy, you is so thin yo' ma could feed you on grapejuice and use you for a tho'mometer."

Graham & McCleery

OUR

GROCERIES AND MEATS

are

ALWAYS CLEAN and FRESH

Phone Your Order to No. 159

JOKES

What made Raymond, Wise?
Why is Delmar (a) Shumaker?
What makes Drayton, Smart?
To whom did Loren, Spake?
Is Helen, All-wood?
With whom did Colista, Diehl?
Is Kenneth (a) Hol-man?
Why is Frances (a) Miller?
What makes Virginia, Brown?
Why is Paul Kissing-er?
Why is Roberta, White?
Did Walter Fish-er out of the creek?
Who made Robert, King?
Have you ever seen Helen, Cook?
Where is Helen ('s) Carr?

Visitor: "What pretty hair you have, Dorothy. You get it from your mother, don't you?"

Dorothy: "I dess I must a got it from papa; his is all gone."

M. F. LONG & SON

GARAGE

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The Store of

QUALITY & SERVICE

Gengnagel's Hardware

Butler, Indiana

Where you get a Square Deal

JOKES

Physics Student (to prostrate professor who has stumbled over a stone): "Did you fall?"

Professor: "How utterly imbecile! Of course not! My body possessing motion produced an impact with a stationary solid substance, which by the law of inertia resisted the force applied to it and destroyed my equilibrium. So not being able to defy or break the law of gravitation, I succumbed to the inevitable and assumed this horizontal position."

"You've got an awfully big mouth, haven't you, ma?"

"Why, no, dear, I don't think so. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I heard pa telling nurse last night that you swallowed everything."

SERVICE

ALLEN E. PHELPS

FURNITURE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

JOKES

Johnne: "Daddy, can we go fishing now?"

Daddy: "But we have no boat, sonny."

Johnne: "Yes, we have, Daddy. I just heard mother tell the iceman that it was some smack he gave her."

Ned: "Let's go to a show tonight."

Joe: "Nope, only got one more day to finish reading my Sears, Roebuck catalogue."

Ned: "How come?"

Joe: "Well, the wrapper it came in said, 'Return in five days,' and tomorrow's the last day."

Mens Singles or Mixed Doubles?

JOKES

Student: "Professor, the barometer has fallen."

Professor: "Very much?"

Student (with a guilty look): "About five feet—it's broken."

Jack: "Am I the only man who has ever kissed you?"

Sue: "Why will every man ask a girl that question? Of course you are."

Chemistry Professor: "The gas in this cylinder is a deadly poison. What steps would you take if any of it escaped?"

Student: "Long ones."

He: "Thinking of me, dear?"

She: "Was I laughing? Oh, I'm sorry."

Fountain Specials.

Good things to Eat and Drink at the Fountain Where you Meet Your Friends

HOME-MADE CANDIES

A Specialty

A Complete Line of Magazines and Periodicals

BLUME'S SODA SHOPPE

HUNSICKERS 5 & 10c STORE

"WITH VARIETY DEP'T

We carry a full line of beautiful gifts. Come in and look them over. You are always welcome.

JOKES

NOT SO BAD AS IT SEEMED

A clergyman, who was a widower, had three grown-up daughters. Having occasion to go away for a few weeks, he wrote home from time to time. In one of the letters he informed them that he had "married a strapping widow with six children."

You may imagine what a stir this created in the household. When he returned home one of his daughters, her eyes red with weeping, said: "Where's the widow you married, father?"

"O," he replied, "I married her to another man."

The fire had burned the livelong night,
The building was demolished quite,
The janitor, when asked the cause,
Replied without a moment's pause,
Excelsior!

TEMPLE CAFE

A Pleasant Place To Eat

HOME COOKED FOOD

DELICIOUS COFFEE

B. L. Renner, Prop.

Butler, Indiana.

Knisely Brothers & Co.

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $75,000.00

4% PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS

Oldest Bank in DeKalb County

A Firm with a Reputation for

Confidence - Reliability - Service

Henry E. Johnson & Son

COMPLETE HOME FURNISHINGS
AND
FUNERAL DIRECTORS

Subject to call Twenty-four Hours a Day

LADY ASSISTANTS

AMBULANCE SERVICE

Phone Store 132 **Phone Residence 86 or 354**

Geddes' Drug Store

The Rexall Drug Store

TO THE FACULTY and Graduates of the Butler High School, we extend our sincere greetings and congratulations.

May the prosperity of this large 1927 Graduating Class continue, in College, and later in their chosen professions, and prove an incentive to the Freshmen, Sophomores and Juniors, who are yet to follow, to acquire the Commencement honor, of higher Education and Achievement.

Geddes' Drug Store

The Rexall Drug Store

R. L. Rupp

FURNITURE

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Phone No. 17

JOKES

In a high state of excitement little Evelyn runs into the house. "Oh, mother!" she cries out. "Our pussy-cat has got some kittens and I didn't even know she was married.

Mother (discovering her little daughter washing a kitten with soap and water): "Oh, Betty, darling, I don't think the mother pussy would like her kitten washed like that!"

Betty (very seriously): "Well, I really can't lick it."

WHERE HE FOUND IT

I went into a restaurant and asked for some pork and beans. They brought me a large plate of beans, but I couldn't see any pork.

"Where is the pork?" I asked.

"There it is, behind that bean," replied the waiter.

Noragon & Son

Dealers In

Grain
Coal and
Mill Feed

Phone Number 155

JOKES

A great discoverer
Was Silas Orleans
He found some pork
In his pork and beans.

—•—

Young Lady: "Were you pleased with new school, little boy?"

Willie: "Naw! They made me wash me face and when I went home the dog bit me 'cause he didn't know me."

—•—

"All is not gold that glitters."
"What did you try to pawn?"

—•—

Bruce: If you'll be mine, I'll promise never to kiss a single girl but you.

Muriel (of the world, worldly): And how about the married ones, Bruce?

THE ATTRIBUTES that distinguish Kroger Stores are just what the modern woman demands of her grocer—Highest Quality — Absolute Freshness — Strictest Purity — Undeviating Uniformity — Courteous Service.

KROGER STORES

JOKES

"No, John, I'm afraid I can't marry you."

"Oh, Mary, just this once!"

EVOLUTION

Old Gentleman: Am I headed right for the monkey cage, my boy?

Bright Boy: Yes, sir; but you'd stand a better chance if you had a tail.

"Mother," said little Evelyn, "may I go out and play with the other little children now?"

"You may play with the little girls, but not with the boys, for they are too rough."

"But, mother, if I find a nice smooth little boy, can I play with him?"

Marjorie, aged four, marched into the grocer's to tell the news. We've got a new baby brother up at our house," she said.

"You don't tell me?" said the grocer. "Is he going to stay with you?"

"I guess so," said Marjorie, "he's got his things off."

"Why don't you marry Bill?"

"I was going to. But father gave his permission. So there wouldn't be any fun in it now."

The Madam: I believe I'll take one of those large lobsters.

The Fish Dealer: Yes, ma'm, and shall I wrap it up?

The Madam: Yes, I guess you had better. I'm afraid he doesn't know me well enough to follow me home.

Butler Tire Shop

THE HOUSE OF SERVICE

Vulcanizing and Accessories Helps

Here's the place to come when you need help with your tires. We are trained and equipped to do a real job for you, in jig time. Quick changes permanent repairs, hurry calls, roadside assistance, Fisk Cord—Balloon—Fabric Tires. Our service includes everything you need to get satisfaction and big mileage from your tires.

107 N. Broadway **Butler, Ind.**

1877 - - - - to - - - - 1927

50 Years with the B. H. S.

Stone's Drug Store

"THE THINGS YOU WANT — WHEN YOU WANT THEM"

NO SUBSTITUTES OFFERED

JOKES

Woman's hair, beautiful hair
What words of praise I utter
But, oh! how sick it makes me feel
To find it in my butter.

Found on a Freshman's registration card:

Question: Give your parents' names.

Answer: Mamma and Papa.

"The girl I go with must have lots of personality."

"I like 'em fat, too."

THERE'S A DIFERENCE

"Agnes has discarded the lover who wrote beautiful blank verse."

"Yes, she accepted one who writes beautiful blank checks."

BUTLER CHICK HATCHERY

AND

FEED STORE

Home of

Gold Crown Chicks

We carry a full line of Poultry and Stock Feeds, Poultry Supplies, etc.

LOCATION: Three blocks east and one block south of the First National Bank.

Foods

Served on sanitary dishes that are not checked and crazed are better.

We guarantee ENGLISH dishes for a lifetime service.

Oberlin Grocery Co.

JOKES

"Can you beat it? I called him a dirty bum, a liar and a lousy, low-down crook—and he never said a word!"

"Force of habit, old boy; he's an umpire."

—•—

Two little urchins were watching a barber singe his customer's hair.

"Gee," said one, "he's hunting 'em with a light."

—•—

Little boy: Papa, oysters must be awfully lazy.

Pop: Why, son?

Little Boy: Because it says in this book that oysters are always found in beds.

—•—

"Could you learn to love me?"

"Well, I learned to speak Polish."

Diner: How much is my bill, waiter?

Waiter: What did you have?

Diner: I don't know.

Waiter: Hash is a quarter.

—•—

"Though you belong to somebody else, tonight you belong to me," murmured the youth, smoothing the wrinkles out of the Tux.

—•—

"Look here, Jack," the old girl said, reproachfully, "you wouldn't marry me for my money, would you?"

"Not if there was any other way to get it," he said thoughtlessly.

—•—

Chief: Hey there, kid, no swimming allowed here.

Kid: It's perfectly all right, chief, I won't make a sound.

OVERLAND WILLYS-KNIGHT

Sales and Service

A Complete Line of Overland and Willys-Knight Cars and Parts Carried at All Times.

Garage in Connection

ALL NIGHT SERVICE

Use Call Bell, Front Door, If You Find Closed for the Night.

LADIES' REST ROOM

Lincoln Sales & Service

SILBERG BROTHERS

Telephone 78 Butler, Ind.

JOKES

Of course, a groundhog is sausage.

"Bill's working in a bakery now, making dough."

"Yeah. I heard he stepped into something soft."

"Rastus, does yoh still love me?"

"Lawd, Mandy, dat's de most thing I do."

"Well den, black man, keep away from dat yaller gal I been seein' yoh with, or ah is goin' to shoh ventilate yoh affections."

The Texas lad had just deposited a nickel in a public telephone.

Operator: Number, please.

The Texan: Number, nothin', I want my chewing gum.

Crystal Theatre

HART & SMITH, Owners

MRS. H. J. ASH, Manager

ALWAYS A GOOD PICTURE

The Home of Paramount, First National and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Our Aim

To offer good dependable merchandise, at lower prices than you would have to pay elsewhere.

Our Merchandise

All of standard quality purchased from the best and most reliable wholesalers and manufacturers in the market centers.

Our Service

Comprises complete stocks in all departments together with prompt courteous treatment, and guaranteed satisfaction.

A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

THE KIPLINGER-MILLER CO.

Butler, Indiana.

JOKES

Farmer: "Did you water the cow?"

Hired Man: "Water the cow? No. Haven't watered her for two days."

Farmer: "What, not watered her for two days? Why not?"

Hired Man: "Didn't you say she wouldn't be dry for three months?"

"Are you the man who saved my little boy from drowning when he fell off the dock?"

"Yes."

"Well, where's his cap?"

WANT AD

Wanted—A colored chauffeur, to drive traveling salesman out of town.

A worthy ambition, we think.

Fresh and Smoked

MEATS

TYSON'S MEAT MARKET

Phone 16

We are here
Just to say

We are Anxious to Serve You

We Have
EVERYTHING TO BUILD ANYTHING

Cline Bros. Lumber Co.

Phone 110 Depot Street

JOKES

She Did It All

"Wasn't there some talk of Elsie marrying a duke?"

"Yes, dear, but the duke didn't mention it."

His Fear

Father—Well, I guess we will go to the country this year, instead of the usual seaside.

Son—No, no. I don't want to go to the country. No country for me.

Father — Why not son?

Son—'Cause I hear they have thrashing machines down there, and it's bad enough when it's done by hand.

DIDN'T WANT THE JOB

A teacher who was giving the children written exercises wrote out this "Wanted" advertisement:

"Wanted. — A milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Smith, 10 Blank Street."

The children had to make applications for the position in writing:

One youngster wrote:

"Dear Miss Smith, — I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know at once. Edith Brown." —Tit-Bits (London).

The International
COLLEGE
MEMBER OF
THE CENTRAL STATES' FOREMOST SCHOOL OF BUSINESS
120-122-124 W. JEFFERSON ST. PHONE A-1354
FORT WAYNE, IND.

JOKES

If they put running water in a pig sty, could they call it a fountain pen?

My girl is so dumb she thinks marcelled hair is another way of cooking rabbit.

INTERESTING FACTS

No matter how hard you throw a snowball to the ground it doesn't bounce.

"This is a pretty snappy suit," remarked the baby as he was put into his rubber panties.

Betty: "Do you know anything about surgery?"
Bob: "Oh, yes, I shave myself."

Professor (to student, picking himself up at bottom of steps): Did you miss a step?

Student: Well, sir, I missed the first one, but I think I hit all the rest of them.

Father Kangaroo: Where's the baby?

Mother Kangaroo (feeling in pockets): Guess I must have left it in my other clothes.

Tramp: I say, sir, could you give me a job?

Barber: Well, sure. Here, paint this barber pole.

Tramp: O. K. boss. Where do I get the striped paint?

Love is blind but the neighbors are not.

"If you've heard this before, stop me," gurgled the leaky pipe.

Mowitza Hood - "Ma"

Autographs

Aletha I. Mavis
John Sr Haverstock
Mowitza Hood
Valeene Teutsch
Awilda Campbell
Margaret Thelma Cline Z.T.A.
Bargersville, Indiana
1925-26-27
Robert Cathers
Florence Maggert
Harold J. Osh
Helen Hanna
Anson Smith
Frances Miller
Keith Buhl
Bernard M. Sturgis
Bob Gehring
Lester Snyder B.H.S. "27"
Calista Diehl B.H.S. '27

Helen Alwood '27

Autographs

R. V. Goodrich

Kenneth Holman '27

Ruthe Naragon '28

Virginia Stone, '28

Naomi L. Chapman P.U. '20 "Class Sponsor '21"

Paul M. Kissinger

"Blume Soda Shoppe"

Norman A. Norris '27

Charles F. Moore B.H.S. '26-'27

Helen G. Bryan '27

Catherine Oberlin '29.

Fern Robbins

H. Z. Wooden, K. O. A.

Ralph H. Stuley '27

Walter Fisher '27 "Fish"

Ernest Scott '27

Alice Irene Stanley Freshie of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana

Autographs

V. R. Greulbatch '26 F. A. I.

Teena Rypma

R. C. Monks

Raymond Snyder

Melba Sturgis Cincy

Ferd Hampel

B. H. S. '27

David W Blaker

Randall Staley '29

Sarah E. Sewell.

Elizabeth Bryan '25

Mrs. G. W. Geddes

Geo W Geddes

Annie May Apricot.

Lucile W. Hamman R. E. P. B. H. S. 28?

Ruth Grimm – G. H. S. '28?

Belle Bond

note the good writing

Marie Sprott "Sis" 29?

Charles Christian Beard

Harry D. Henry. 1918

Besse G. Henry - 1919

Wanda M. Stilwell

Betty Gwen Showalter

Mary G. Kehrer. '00.

Elizabeth Hodges

Minnie Kehrer

Finis

N. Norris

...ast Sid
...ild, —
Here I am, the
...irst to sail the
last pages of the annu...
representing our best year
...so far in B.H.S. Let's hope we
can make the next two as
wonderful, together. I guess I had
to change in order to gain a friend
like you — and I hope that we can
prove our friendship has been worth while.
To remember, dear, he who lays the most
sticks of love and service on the blazing fires at the
altar of friendship — never lives a worthless life.
Sincerely — forever (that is a long time)
Moivitja

P.S.
Remember all
the good (?) times we
have had together, when
you you're blue. And rem-
ember "Just around the
corner there is sunshine"
Hahn
Me